The New-York Saturday Press.

VOL. III.—NO. 19. NEW YORK, MAY 12, 1860. PRICE, $2.00 A YEAR.

THE N. Y. SATURDAY PRESS
IS PUBLISHED AT
No. 9 SPRUCE STREET, NEW YORK.
BRANCH OFFICE
AT
ROGERS'S BOOKSTORE, 27 BROADWAY.
PRICE
$2.00 a year; Five Cents a Single Number.
TERMS OF ADVERTISING.
Ten Cents a line for the first two insertions. Five Cents a line for every subsequent insertion.
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Advertisers will please to understand that no arrangements what ever can be made with them for editorial notices.
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Office of The N. Y. Saturday Press,
No. 9 SPRUCE STREET, N. Y.

For The New York Saturday Press.

THE PARAGON OF UGLINESS.

If there is one peculiarity I have, which distinguishes me from the generality of young men, it is my passion for ordinary women, or I will be frank and speak out plainly, the attraction that ugly girls have for me.

Men speak of adoring beauty. I worship ugliness.

Men pride themselves on being connoisseurs in beauty. I am a connoisseur in ugliness.

This field is all my own.

The whole grace and interest of my life, I say it truthfully and thankfully, I owe to ugly women.

I put my hand upon my heart and protest that I was never in love with a woman who had any pretensions to beauty.

But my friends know how passionately I adored Julia Dishoon, and how near I came in my despair to committing suicide, when she refused me.

The delirium of my passion for Anna Seaton, and the delights of that love-experience, which was like a sublimated intoxication until we became mutually indifferent, was talked of in the circles of our acquaintance.

The secrets of my various and complicated flirtations with many other dear, homely creatures, whose names shall remain forever locked in my private drawer, along with their charming notes, their faded flowers, and the various love-tokens, to which I turn when life seems dull and dreary, and I escape from the presentiments of a sad and lonely future, into the rich memories of the happy past, shall never be told by me.

This is not an affected peculiarity on my part, but a thoroughly genuine and natural expression of my character. In an intellectual admiration for beauty, I yield to no man. I can fully comprehend Pygmalion's passion. His statue, however, was perfect. Any blemish in it, however slight, would have destroyed his illusion. Then she was marble, and had the calm cold beauty, that makes the cultivated world bow down before the remains of Grecian art, which even envious Time has spared, to serve as a reproach to our vaunted civilization.

But for sentiment, my heart prompts me always to seek for it in homely women.

There must always be a harmony between our outward and our inner lives. It was proper that Adam in Paradise should have given him as his helpmate, 'The fairest of her daughters, Eve.' But the world as we have made it, is a very different thing from Paradise, and the life we modern men lead, a very different one from the careless and unconscious happiness that the primal pair enjoyed. To patch the homely suit of sordid business with the glorious stuff that makes our dreams of beauty, is to dress in motley, and the gorgeous color of the piece we introduce makes the dull tint of the garment we are forced to wear seem more faded than it did before.

It is all high-sounding speech to talk of the duty of cultivating as much as we can, a love for beauty. Let us first introduce into our lives the happiness that is our birthright, and beauty will blossom all about us—beauty that is perfect, because unconscious.

The study of beauty in women, is naturally divided into the two great fields of 'the regular' and 'the picturesque.'

THERE ARE NO REGULAR BEAUTIES

The secret of such creations was lost in Paradise, at the time that man scorned his unconscious freedom. The Greeks dreamed of it; with their divine instincts of art, they ascribed it to their gods. But even in those times it was an abstraction, and the warmth of life that comes from a full pulsating human heart, is wanting in their statues. They are all intellectual creations, and the cultivated would unites in an intellectual admiration and reverence for them. But it is not the sweet sentiment and passion that we feel for the personality of a living woman, and the Greeks themselves typified this truth, in their artistic representation of Medusa, the intellectual perfection of face surmounted with entwining serpents. The kiss of love from those cold lips was death. The warm life-blood congealed in the heart of him who sought to worship her, and left him rigid stone.

The picturesque style of beauty is in women what it is in gardening. The charm of nature as we see it around us. The pleasing contrasts of light and shade, the charming variety of curve. Harmonious irregularity.

A Mr. Brown was the great champion of the distortion of nature, called regular gardening, against Uvedale Price, the advocate in England of the picturesque style. The Brown family still exist. The patient and long-suffering earth has not yet swallowed them up.

It is the picturesque style of beauty that attracts most men.

I go a step further.

It is the picturesque style of ugliness that attracts me. It was in each of the cases to which I have alluded, some striking new combination, some fresh and surprising want of regularity, that attracted me.

All who have read Anderson's story of the ugly duck, will understand the delight that enters into and beautifies a woman, who has been forced by the harsh and cruel world to retire into herself, at finding that she is not entirely an outcast from the kingdom of love.

'Et ego in Arcadia,' writes Poussin's peasant.

'I also am a painter,' said Correggio.

'There is love for even me, in this cold world,' said Anna Seaton.

But of all the adventures I have had in my enthusiastic search after ugliness, the one I am going to relate was the most exciting and surprising. It is now some years ago, I was living in New York, and received through the post a charming little note, asking me to call and see an old friend at number one thousand and odd Broadway. It was signed E. T. C. I knew no E. T. C., but determined to go.

The sun was just setting upon a mild Summer day, as I slowly sauntered up Broadway to find the designated number. I rang at the bell, and was shown up into a parlor upon the second story. There was a shop of some kind kept underneath. The parlor was empty. I sat by the window and looked upon the sun as he shut his 'battle-stained eye.'

The opposite side of the street presented at that time the pleasing prospect of vacant lots.

To me in my solitude entered a woman of about thirty-five, too good looking, however, to interest me. I produced the note. She said she had written it. Conversation sprang up. I could not go too abruptly, and we continued talking until the lighting of the gas, lights in the street, and the darkness of the room showed that the dusky pall of night had fallen upon the world.

At least that half of it upon which we were.

I rose to go. She then said that she had written the note at the dictation of a young friend of hers, who wanted me to wait until the room was dark. As she said this, the young friend entered, and the lady of thirty-five left the room.

Of course I need not say that the young friend was a female friend, she took me by the hand warmly and claimed acquaintance with me.

I remarked that I was very glad to see her, but that the darkness of the room prevented me from recognizing her, and proposed lighting the gas. She said she did not want that done. She was so ugly she did not wish to be seen, and had for that reason waited before coming down.

The charming frankness of this avowal interested me extremely.

I asked her name, she would not tell it me, but led the conversation upon topics, places, and people, which showed me that she knew many of my friends had travelled, had certainly heard of me, and had doubtless, as she asserted, met me before. The time passed quickly and delightfully. She was witty and intelligent; her voice was musical and rich; as well as I could distinguish the outlines of her person she was exceedingly graceful.

A graceful figure is a legitimate charm for a woman with a homely face, and is oftener met in those considered ugly than in those who have a reputation for beauty. It is a sort of compensation that nature, who is always just, gives as a balance for their deprivation, or else it comes from the fact that ugly women are more unconscious in their movements, and consequently more graceful, than the beauties who are always trying to be charming, and failing through their constant desire to appear so.

Throughout the entire visit I could not succeed in distinguishing the traits of the ugliness my imagination painted as something more perfect than I had yet encountered. As I rose to go, she hoped graciously that she should see me again. I assured her warmly that she should, and begged permission to call the next evening.

On calling the next evening I found the room unlighted as before. I went away enraptured with this woman, whose face I had not seen, whose name I did not know.

During that night and the next day I could not drive her from my mind. It was with the greatest difficulty that I restrained myself for two days from calling again upon her. Then for a week I went to see her every evening.

By no cunning device could I ever come to see her face. I could not decoy her so near the window that the light from the street lamps could enable me to see her. I therefore determined upon pretending that she had never seen me, and succeeded in so convincing her of it, that she consented to light one of the burners, if I promised not to trouble it.

I consented. She turned on only enough gas to make the room dim, and we looked eagerly into each other's countenances.

Never before had I seen so transcendantly chaotic a face. There was a wild picturesqueness about it, that for me possessed an indescribable charm. Not even the wildest imaginations of my dreams, had ever pictured to my mind anything approaching the reality. If she had known how much I admired nature thus unadorned, she would never have received me in any other than a room blazing with light.

Consider for a moment my unfortunate position. My taste for the picturesque in ugliness is so singular and bizarre, and women are all so firm in their belief that men admire only beauty, that to mention my peculiar idiosyncracy seems like a covered insult, like irony, like satire; and a feeling of delicacy, perhaps absurd, keeps me from declaring my real feelings.

It prevented me in this case also, from falling upon my knees and declaring my unfeigned admiration. For only a moment did so unexpectedly entrancing a sight bless my eyes. She had satisfied her curiosity and shut off the gas. She said that I was right, she had never seen me before, and I must have received the note which was intended for some other person bearing my name.

During the remainder of my visit that evening, she was more coy and reserved than she had ever been before, while I was more eager and passionate in my protestations of admiration.

I have never seen her from that time to this. I was prevented by various causes from calling again upon her during the next two days, and when I came again, the lady of thirty-five told me she had gone to St. Louis.

From that time up to the present, the face I saw only for a moment, has been ever present in my thoughts, but never again has the countenance, which by a secret of its own, contained such rare and absolute fixation of beauty been seen in the flesh by me. It is only in idea that Nora, so she told me I might call her, exists for me. If ever this confession should fall under her notice, may she again render happy the gentleman who called so assiduously at number one thousand and odd Broadway, and who has ever since dreamed of her as the paragon of ugliness.

(From the New York Times, May 9.)

NIAGARA AS IT IS.

One of the most accomplished members of the New York Press, Col. T. B. Thorpe, of the *Spirit of the Times*, last evening exhibited to a company of his friends and colleagues, a most unique and interesting work of art, a literal picture of Niagara as it is. That Col. Thorpe is an artist in spirit has long been known to the reading world. We owe to Mr. Derby, who kindly opened his house to receive both the painting and the painter's friends, the knowledge that Col. Thorpe is an artist by the hand as well as by the heart. He had studied Niagara as Niagara deserves to be studied, year after year and month after month, from all possible points of view, and under every changing influence of season and of light. The result of his studies was a conviction that Niagara might be painted for the popular eye in the fullness of its characteristic beauty—with all the splendor of rushing water—all the mystical majesty of rising misty vapor—all the grandeur of cloven ravines—and all the solemnity of river deeps too profound to be stirred by breeze or keel.

The result of this conviction is the picture which this most enthusiastic and energetic of amateurs has now completed, and which is on its way to England to be submitted to the engraver's burin.

Col. Thorpe has selected his point of view most happily. Taken from Victoria Point, just below the Clifton House, his landscape includes all that impresses itself most strongly on the eye and dwells most lastingly in the memory of the visitor of Niagara. The American fall, thin, nervous, almost mercurial in its sudden, steep plunge of sheeted silver; the mass of Iris island; the picturesque interposition of Goat Island; and the magnificent emerald crescent of the great Horse-shoe Fall, all are portrayed with panoramic fidelity; and the peculiar effect of the stately narrowing gorge through which the water of the western lakes forces its descent to the St. Lawrence and the ocean, is rendered by Col. Thorpe with rare, and we think with unprecedented truth. If justice is done in the chromotint to the special qualities of this remarkable painting, there can be little doubt that Col. Thorpe will win and wear, as he well deserves to do, the honor of bringing the complete natural features of our great waterfall, for the first time, into the homes of the people.

For The New York Saturday Press.

HOW SPRING COMETH

To Palace and Hovel.

Mark where she comes—the hoyden Spring!—
Her nascent bosom swelling fast,
Her fresh lips parting to the blast,
And all her beauties blossoming!

She wantons with the regal Sun,
And bids the inconstant god caress
The very turf her wild feet press,—
The humblest shrub she breathes upon.

The slumberous draperies that close
Around the palaces of Earth,
Flap—startled by her passing mirth—
And fall! She tarries not for those!

But from the squalid window-sill
She sweeps the scanty veil aside
And enters, radiant as a bride,
The sun-kiss hovering 'round her still!

Like music here, her laughter falls:
And echoes—as of Summer bees
And bird-songs through soft-swaying trees—
Seem quivering on the naked walls!

Echoes, too often false as fair!
So far from actual sense they seem,
The listener holds them as a dream
Whose waking hath no promise there!

Ye microscopic souls, that cling
To such small specks of spirit-light
That all beyond your reach is night;—
Ye bigots! rob the Poor of Spring!

Ye bar them from the fresh free sod!
To these wan children of the soil
Ye make the Sabbath-Rest a toil—
A dungeon of the house of God!

Fling wide your sombre gates, and bid
These weary workers forth, to share
Life's heritage of springtide! There
The secret of God's Rest is hid!

CHARLES D. GARDETTE.

Philadelphia.

EVENINGS WITH THE MARCHIONESS.*

Translated for The New York Saturday Press, from the French of PAUL FEVAL,

BY CHARLES D. GARDETTE.

II.

THREE ADVENTURES.

Monseigneur Frayssinous required no urging. He was a correct and graceful narrator, who liked to have the chance. It was not without a certain pleasure, therefore, that he took possession of the deep armchair that served for tribune, and began thus:

"I arrived in Paris with my fifteen years, in 1780. I did not think much of my bishopric of Hermopolis then, nor even of my 'portfolio of creeds.' My vocation existed but feebly as yet, and subject to vacillation. I will not even conceal from you that I intended to put it to the proof of Paris temptation. Young as I was, I said to myself, 'If my vocation resists Paris, there is nothing to fear.' I had two letters of recommendation in my pocket,—that is to say, three, counting a draft for thirty louis. The other two were addressed, one to the Princess of Lambese, Duchess of Ellsenf; the other to the holy prelate, Christopher of Beaumont, Archbishop of Paris. The Princess—these ladies are too young for such old memories, but some of you gentlemen knew her—was then a woman of thirty-eight or forty, very handsome, very exemplary, and of remarkable sweetness of manner. Looking at her only, one imagined an existence entirely calm, pious, and without cloud. I loved her from the first moment I saw her, and felt sure of her protection, even before she expressed her kindly interest in words.

"It was not altogether the same thing as to the respectable Archbishop of Paris. He was an old man of seventy-six, worn by a laborious and agitated life. I was too young to appreciate the fact that a prince of the Church receives twenty letters of recommendation daily, and cannot fling himself at the head of every youngster that is sent him from the provinces. I considered his reception of me cold; I was stiff in return. He was from the Dordogne, I from the Avegnon: this was always the Guyenne, and I thought he owed me a compatriot's welcome. If the Princess had not been the Archbishop's firmest friend, I should never have gone back. The Princess took the trouble to solicit for me. In a fortnight I was installed in the back-cabinet of His Grandeur, charged to correctly transcribe the MSS. of his four volumes of 'Pastoral Instructions.'

"I need not here recall the virtues of the holy Archbishop. He was one of the few to whom the world has not been unjust. Tongues and books have alike exalted him. But it is certain that with me he was short, very brusque, and so cold sometimes that it seemed as if he felt an antipathy to me. The Princess, to whom I complained, exhorted me to patience. But one day, His Grandeur having accused me of impiety because I had corrected the obsolete orthography of his MSS., my blood—half Périgourdin, half Gascon—rushed to my head, and I crashed the pen furiously on the page just begun. Instead of dismissing me, the Archbishop left the room. I seized my hat, and fled by the other door, resolved to try a little of the world, and 'cut,' the gentlemen of the Church forever. My most intimate foe was the sin of Pride; but I had others, and the demon of Curiosity was of them. I had seen nothing of Paris, and my two sins, uniting their voices, cried: 'Thou hast not yet accomplished the purpose of thy voyage! Thou hast not proved thy resistance to temptation! Paris is not in Monseigneur's back-cabinet! Nor even in the peaceful boudoir of the good Princess of Lambese!'

"It might have been five o'clock in the afternoon when I left the Archbishop's palace. I had walked along the quays without knowing it, buried in my reflections. I wore, like all in the service of Monseigneur—the semi-clerical service, I mean—a half-priestly garb. Reaching the quay of the Grands-Augustins, I turned the corner of Dauphin street, and stopped mechanically in front of the shop of Feraud, the famous costumer, whose show-windows extended even to Nevers street. There was a large mirror at the door, with the inscription 'Know Thyself.' I obeyed the counsel, and looked at myself. You know the legend of the demon that hides behind every mirror. For the first time, I felt ashamed of my long skirts, which seemed ridiculously unbecoming and awkward. I had spent nothing since my arrival in Paris. My thirty louis were, therefore, in my pocket. My hand crept of itself into that pocket, and softly jingled the gold. 'Palsambleu!' said I to myself (alas, yes! I said palsambleu!), 'here is my chance to prove my vocation! I—let us see how I will look in a sword and mantle!'

"The 'drummer' standing at the door saw me. He came out and touched my arm. 'Walk in, sir abbe,' whined he; 'you won't know yourself, when you come out again. Everything is new and cheap here. We have the room for the clergy up-stairs. We have the custom of the Cathedral, of St. Sulpice, of St. Genevieve, St. Germain-des-Prés, St. Roch, St. Merri, St. Gery—'

"I interrupted his sing-song by saying, drily, 'My friend, I am not of the clergy. Do you also sell cavalier dresses?'

"'Ah, my young gentleman, do you ask such a question?' cried he, pushing me into the shop. 'We have twelve rooms full. Order anything, and don't be modest. Madame Feraud, here's a gallant cadet who wants a refit!'

"I could not draw back now. Madame Feraud had been refitting cadets for forty years. In the snap of a finger I was habited from head to foot. Coat, vest, breeches, silk stockings, shoes with buckles, embroidered hat, and rapier—palsambleu! The rapier nearly upset my wits. How splendid to wear a real sword! The idea of passing it through the body of any one did not in the least horrify me. The rapier is made for that! Madame Féraud whirled me about like a weathercock in her strong hands, and said, 'Chevalier, there you are, as graceful as a sweetheart!' The mirror, by the way, said precisely the same thing. I entrusted my soutane, etc., to Madame Féraud, who only asked me thirteen louis for my brilliant equipment.

"In the street, I wished I might encounter Monseigneur, that he might see what a style there was now, about his copyist of the back-cabinet. I met an officer of musketeers, and followed him for more than a hundred paces, to learn to walk like him. I saw that the passers-by looked at me, and that they said to themselves, 'Palsambleu! there's a handsome little gentleman!' for it appeared to me that nobody could or should speak, henceforth, without saying palsambleu!

"I immediately conceived the idea of going to the opera. There is a capital opportunity to put myself to proof, thought I.

"First, I went to dine at 'The Sucking Calf' on the Place du Châtelet. There I spent a round half-louis, and came forth as gay as a regiment of the French guards. The proof was progressing. It was favorable, thus far, to 'The Sucking Calf.'

"The opera was still, at this epoch, in Valois street near the Palais-Royal, it was not burnt down till the succeeding year, 1781. I mounted St. Honoré street, hand on hip, and nose in the air. It would not have been good to pick a quarrel with me at this moment—palsambleu! . . .

"'Palsambleu!' said a voice in my ear at that very instant; 'here's a young lord in search of pleasure, I see clearly; I love the young fellows, and gladly serve those who do not as yet know the road to all the delights of this goodly city of Paris.'

"There are times when everything comes apropos. I looked at the man with the jolly voice. He was a jovial companion, a little seedy, a little flushed round the nose, perhaps, but a handsome dog after all, and wearing his moustache fiercely. I gave him my confidence immediately, because I had always passed for an excellent physiognomist—in my own opinion.

"We started for the opera, my faith! arm in arm.

"He gallantly paid for two places in the principal tier, saying 'we will settle afterward,' and we entered this vestibule blazing with light, eternal admiration of rustic moths who come to burn themselves in the candles of Paris. The piece was the Amida of Gluck. The first person I saw below me was the Princess of Lambese, alone in a balcony-box. I coughed, in the midst of a cadenza, to attract her attention, but in vain. I cannot tell you the effect the music produced upon me. I heard it as in a dream; it was only a sort of echo to the enchantments that surrounded me. I positively floated in a kind of vision, full of amazements and intoxications.

"'Eh, well! young man,' said my companion to me, between the acts, 'we arrive from a distance; I see that! We have not even perceived that there is a pretty lady here who regards us with great attention.'

"I thought instantly of the Princess, whom I had ceased to watch for some time. She was still alone, and her opera-glass was in reality directed at me. I straightened myself up to my fullest height. 'I would have given half my remaining fifteen louis for the moustache of my comrade. But barring the moustache, I cut a passable figure, and my air must have been that of a decided scapegrace. The Princess lowered her opera-glass, and turned her back on me. I had a natural impulse of pride, in thinking I had scandalized her.

"'O! O!' continued my man 'we don't wish to contemplate our victim then?'

"'How!' cried I in good faith; 'is it true that there is still another?'

"'Glance discreetly,' said he in a low voice; 'in the third box from us, that young and beautiful Marchioness.' I glanced—discreetly; I saw a dame whose cheeks were like two bunches of red-peppers. She might be young and Marchioness, but she had not the air of one or the other. As to beautiful, she glittered like a sun. As she caught my eye, she lowered hers and made me a friendly sign with her fan. Ferand's mirror was not there for me to 'know myself' in, but I am sure that the corn-poppies would have paled before my scarlet cheek.

"'Hein?' resumed my comrade; 'what do you say to that?' I said nothing of a verity! My 'proof' was coming on too fast, and caught me unprepared. I was fifteen. This fine red lady inspired me with a sentiment, which was as like as two drops of water, to terror. At this moment I looked back, without rancor, to the Archbishop's cabinet.

"'My jewel,' continued my cicerone, 'an adventure is the thing to give you a footing in the gay city. I charge myself with arranging, for this evening, a little supper at the cabaret. Don't disquiet yourself in the least, and merely pass me thirty louis or so for the card and the bouquet.'

"'Thirty louis!' I cried. 'I want neither bouquet nor supper, my worthy sir, and thirty louis are just double my fortune.'

"He shot me a savage glance, and growled in his beard, with a formidable provençal accent that he had hitherto disguised,—'Sold! The little baggage has made me lose my evening!'

"Of a truth, he made nothing that evening, except my fifteen louis and a half, which he slipt from my pocket into his, during the entr'acte. I had drunk three-quarters of a bottle of Burgundy at 'The Sucking Calf,' which made my head heavy; and I had the stupidity to fall asleep for a few minutes, in the full tide of Gluck. When I awoke, the farce was played. In missing my companion, I bethought me, and felt my pocket on the instant. The sad truth was at once apparent, and I sunk under the weight of my ruin. My thirty louis had lasted four hours; such was the 'proof' I had made of the world! It is true that there remained to me a parcel of frippery worth fifty francs perhaps including shoe-buckles and sword.

"'Cruel sword! I swore no more' palsambleu! I thought seriously of jumping over the Pont Neuf.

"As I descended the steps of the opera, head down, and in a manner crushed by my sudden fall, I heard a voice call 'Denis!' It is my baptismal name, and I thought I recognized this voice. I turned my head languidly, saw a carriage stationed in the Cour-Ourry, and at the window of the carriage the mild and tranquil face of the Princess de Lambese. My first impulse was to flee. But the voice repeated 'Denis! come here!' I hesitated, then obeyed. The carriage-door was opened. The Princess bade me enter, and the spirited white horses went off at a rapid trot toward St. Dominic street. The Princess was some moments silent; then she asked me, in a very sad voice, 'Denis, what means this masquerade?'

"I answered half unconsciously, 'I will return no more to Monseigneur's.'

"'Why this, Denis?'

"'Because he is a man of forbidding manners and unamiable character.'

"'Your ecclesiastical career?' begun the Princess, without losing her sweetness of tone.

"'Madame,' I interrupted her, 'I wish no longer to be a priest.'

"'And what do you wish to be, Denis?'

"'I wish—that I were dead!' I replied bursting into tears.

"The Princess resumed her silence. We arrived before the doors of her hotel.

"'Adieu, Madame,' I attempted to say; 'be assured that your goodness will ever—'

"'Hush, Denis!' exclaimed Madame de Lambese; 'I wish you to come up stairs. I have something to say to you.'

"We passed through the hall together and up the great stairway. I remained alone in the drawing-room, while she passed into her private apartments. In this saloon there was a full length portrait of Monseigneur the Archbishop. I stopped before it; I regarded it with an angry eye. His venerable countenance seemed to me to express disdain and cruelty.

"'Behold him whom the catholic world calls a saint!' cried I. 'Well, then! God will know that this saint has blasted my career with a word, and the death of a poor child shall rise in judgment against him!'

"'You are mad, Denis!' said the soft voice of the Princess behind me; 'but I cannot yet believe you have a bad heart. Sit down by me, and let us talk, my poor child. What has happened to you?'

"I recounted, with extraordinary fire, my pretended wrongs at the hands of Monseigneur. I thought to strike her by the bitterness of my recital: she listened patiently.

"'Is that all, Denis?' asked she, when I had finished.

"'Is it not enough?' cried I, almost forgetting my respect for her.

"She smiled, and, placing her cool hand upon my burning brow,

"'No, it is not enough, Denis!' she replied. 'It is not enough to warrant an accusation against the heart of one of the purest, the most merciful, the most charitable men on earth.'

"'You know him better than I, Madame,' I answered, more and more irritated; 'and you have, doubtless, your reasons for speaking as you do of him.'

"I declare that the thought of losing the kind friendship of my protectress, at this moment gave me no anxiety whatever.

"She replied to my rudeness with her usual serenity.

"'Yes, Denis: only I know him better than you, my friend: yes, I have my reasons for speaking as I do. And it is not without motive,' added she with evidently restrained emotion, 'that the portrait of Christopher of Beaumont is here, in the first place among those of my ancestors.'

"She ceased, and appeared to meditate. I was impatient for the interview to end.

"'Where do you expect to sleep to-night?' she asked me suddenly. I had not asked myself this question. The idea of my isolation griped my heart, and I stammered—my eyes filling with tears. 'Do not ask me, Madame, and let me bid you farewell.'

"I was already risen from my seat. Her gesture bade me resume it. There was again a silence.

(To be Continued.)

* Printed, by error, last week, 'Countess.'

(From the London Critic.)

AUTOGRAPH LETTER OF WASHINGTON.

At a sale of autograph letters by Messrs Puttick and Simpson lately, a letter of George Washington's, the President of the United States, written when a subaltern in the service of the Colonial Government, to the Governor of Virginia, sold for £15 10s. The substance of the letter was as follows: "I am much concerned that your Honor should seem to charge me with ingratitude for your generous and my undeserved favors, for I assure you, Honble. Sir, nothing is a greater stranger to my breast, or a sin that my soul more abhors than that black and detestable one, Ingratitude." He intends resigning his command, adducing as one of his reasons the smallness of his pay. "I have a constitution hardy enough to encounter and undergo the most severe tryals and I flatter myself resolution to face what any man durst as shall be proved when it comes to the Test, which I believe we are upon the borders off." Requests, if he cannot be allowed British pay, to serve as a volunteer; other officers will not remain long without an alteration. Institutes comparison between the pay of the British officers and those of the American army: "If we should be fortunate enough to drive the French from Ohio—as far as your Honor would please have them sent to—in any short time, our pay will not be sufficient to discharge our first-expenses. . . . The motives that led me here were pure and noble. I had no view of acquisition but that of honor, by serving faithfully my King and country." He relates his movements in continuation of the preceding letter—he has met a body of the French and had an engagement with them, and taken amongst other prisoners M. de Laforce, "a bold enterprising man, and a person of great subtlety and cunning." He expects to meet a larger force of the French, whom he must withstand if they are five to one, or he will lose the Indians. "Your Honor may depend I will not be surprised, let them come what hour they will, and this is as much as I can promise; but my best endeavors shall not be wanting to deserve more. I doubt not but if you hear I am beaten, but you will at the same [time] hear that we have done our duty in fighting as long [as] there was a possibility of hope."

[Taken literally from the Journal of Commerce.]

SAVAGISM—CHRISTIANISM.

If it were ascertained as a certain truth in philosophy, or in that grandest branch of it, called anthropology, meaning, by proper definition, not only the human anatomy and physiology, or the mere science of the body of a man, but THE SCIENCE OF MAN, in all his compound being, including mainly his soul, for this and the future of our existence; if, we say, in this grand science, so related to theology itself, it were an ascertained and demonstrable fact—a fact demonstrated also, that

MAN HAS NO SOUL;

that the idea of God is the mere day-dream of a disordered mind; and that death is a dreamless and eternal sleep; if all this were known and proved—and it ought to be proved, first; then we may well say that prize-fights are abusive, contagious and abominable in all decent and politic society.

We might say, too, that people well educated, civilized, refined, and philanthropic, would discourage them; would forbid them by law; would prevent and repel them, as they would a pestilence or a hostile invasion; and that any community, where they are encouraged or tolerated, by influence favorable, whether direct or indirect, is a low and debauched one, probably in the last stages of its reasonless deterioration from the possible virtue of their ancestors, the founders of their country.

But all this, were it true in its premises, would be no better than worse as more criminal savagism, and so the propagandism too of principles, deathful to the world. It would signalize and suit only an abandoned and undone community. Now, the United States of America and the empire of Great Britian, are professedly Christian nations; and Christianism is their common glory of existence. We both have the religion revealed to us of the great Maker of all; we own and profess to love the Author of Salvation too, the Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ; we believe—we say, in his mission, his passion, his mediation, for the salvation of sinners of our species, and for our own, as a hopeful consequence; and yet we virtually approve and collaud the deep damnation of two sinners, deliberately meeting, as a noble and gallant "international" pastime, to pound, bruise, pelt, maim, "punish" and kill each other; all for money and for fun—though each fool of them has a soul immortal; a destiny tremendous; a frowning God, pouring his solemn and his warning

VETO

on the devilish impiety of the scene!

In the eye of God, they are both practical atheists, alike unfit to die or to live; who, in their actions and infectious examples, deny the soul immortal. One random blow, or one artistic stroke, might have then and there dispatched an undone immortal to his account *of the judgment-seat of Christ*. Is any man so blind or besotted as to say—it is right so to act? If he does, he is either a virtual beast in degradation, or he lies against conscience.

No resulting good of any kind, constructive, imaginary or real, can justify it. We must not do evil, that good may come; the end cannot justify the means; sin is forever sin, in its proper nature; nor can God deny himself, to change its nature or its ill-desert; however his sovereign wisdom may, and ALWAYS DOES, use it, overrule it, coerce it, in effect; so that at last *the wrath of man shall* SURELY *praise HIM, and the remainder will He restrain.* Ps. 76: 10.

The same reasoning of truth applies to that fashionable diabolism, that subterbrutal wickedness—DUELING! [☞] Congressmen please take notice!

Some christian protest ought to speak plainly and loudly on these horrid and gambling abominations; offensive to God and goodness; consistent neither with patriotism, nor civilization, nor hope in the Redeemer of man!

May all such curses be soon banished from the earth, to the caverns whence their inspiration is supplied!

As this paper may have more effect if not anonymous in arresting attention, and as I feel that I discharge in some sort my duty as a minister of Jesus Christ, our Lord and our Judge, in writing and in publishing it, so, calling all principals, backers, letters, spectators and auxiliaries of that deviliem to REPENTANCE *toward God, and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ*, if they desire not to be lost forever, I sign what I write, and expect to answer for it as for everything else that I do, at the bar of God, my Saviour.

SAMUEL HANSON COX

Brooklyn, N. Y., May 8, 1860.

[From the Athenæum.]

THE DUTCH SHAKESPEARIAN DRAMA.

The literature of the ancient Dutch stage is richer perhaps than that of any other country, excepting, of course, that of England. The dramatic treasures of Holland are, indeed, so extensive that considering the nearness of that country to England, and the probable circumstances that the early English actors visited it as well as Germany, I had long felt convinced that there must exist amongst them something illustrative of the works of our own great dramatist. I was sanguine even enough to fancy that in Holland would also be found some relics of the English drama itself. This latter hope turned out to be delusive. In addition to examining personally the bookstores of the chief towns in Holland, I sent an intelligent agent from Antwerp to explore Zealand; but these steps, although supported by advertisements in the Dutch papers, failed in discovering a single old English book or tract of any curiosity.

My first conjecture turned out to be better founded. Although I did not, as I expected, discover that any use had been made of Shakespeare's own works on the Dutch stage, I found that the stories he used were dramatized, and familiar in Holland at the same time that he was delighting the groundlings by other dramas on the same incidents. I shall not readily forget my delight when, in turning over a bundle of old pamphlets on a book-stall at Amsterdam, my eye lighted on an old Dutch tragedy of 'Romeo and Juliet,' embellished with a large woodcut representing scenes in the last act of the play. This play was acted at Amsterdam in the year 1634, and was printed in the same year in black-letter. On the day following this discovery, I had the good fortune to purchase an earlier play of greater curiosity in connection with Shakespeare, being a drama founded on the story of "Much Ado about Nothing," printed as early as 1618. This comedy, which I am told is of great rarity, even in Holland, bears the following title. "T I Starters Blyeyndich-Truyrspel van Timbre de Cardone ende Fenicie' van Messine," 4to, 1618. At the same time at Mr. Muller's, one of the most intelligent and learned publishers in Europe, I bought another copy of the "Romeo and Juliet," and various other old Dutch plays, bearing more or less on Shakespeare's plots.

Neither my leisure, nor acquaintance (I mean want of) with the language, will enable me to enter as fully into this curious subject as it deserves. My object is rather to attract the attention of some one who would be capable of investigating it. The copies of the above mentioned plays in my possession shall be accessible to

any one likely to pursue the examination. But there are, no doubt, many of the old Dutch plays worthy of the investigation of the English student. A very fine collection of them is preserved at Leyden, the printed Catalogue of which, in 3 vols. 8vo, is procurable from Mr. Nutt, at a moderate expense. There is, I am told, a still finer collection in the Imperial Library at Paris; and there is also a fair sprinkling of them in the British Museum, purchased from Mr. Muller some years after I had secured what appeared to relate more especially to the illustration of Shakespeare. Thus, materials are abundant to any one who has the requisite knowledge and leisure for the prosecution of a new and curious object of literary inquiry.

J. O. HALLIWELL.

The Saturday Press Book-List.

For the week ending May 12, 1860.

Of course no reader and no critic can ever get to the bottom of the pile of New Books. Perhaps Mr. Clapp, in his pungent SATURDAY PRESS, *does most wisely by merely mentioning them in attractive print. The title of a new book, printed in comely type, is a very valuable notice.*—HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW BOOKS.

AMERICAN.

RELIGIOUS.

The Church of the First Three Centuries: or, Notices of the Lives and Opinions of some of the Early Fathers, with Special Reference to the Doctrine of the Trinity. Illustrating its Late Origin and Gradual Formation. By Alvan Lamson, D.D. 8vo. $1 75. Boston: Walker, Wise & Co.

Truth and Life in Jesus. Verbatim Phonographic Reports of Ten Sermons preached in Manchester, England. By the Rev. T. L. Harris. New York: New Church Publishers' Association.

The American Ecclesiastical Year Book, containing: 1. The Religious Statistics of the World During the Past Year, with many other statistic specialties. 2. A Brief Religious History of the World During the Past Year. 3. A List of Works Bearing on Religious Statistics or General Ecclesiastical History. By Alexander J. Schem, Prof. of Hebrew and Modern Language in Dickinson College. 12mo. $1. New York: H. Dayton.

NOVELS.

Rutledge. 12mo. pp. 504. New York: Derby & Jackson.

POETRY.

Mount Vernon, and Other Poems. By Harvey Rice. Third edition, enlarged. 1 vol., 12mo. 75 cents. Columbus, Ohio: Follett, Foster & Co.

The Panic, as Seen from Parnassus, and other Poems. By Champion Bissell, formerly Editor of the *American Review*. 1 vol., 12mo. 75 cents. New York: T. J. Crowen.

LEGAL.

A Familiar Forensic View of Man and Law. By Judge R. B. Warden. 1 vol., 8vo. $2 25. Columbus, Ohio: Follett, Foster & Co.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Echoes of Harper's Ferry. Comprising the Best Speeches, Sermons, Letters, Poems, and Other Utterances of Leading Minds in Europe and America, called forth by John Brown's Invasion of Virginia. With an Appendix, containing a Valuable Article on the Value of the Union to the North. The whole Collected and Arranged by James Redpath. 1 vol., 12mo. pp. 514. $1 25. Boston: Thayer & Eldridge.

The Boy Inventor: A Memoir of Matthew Edwards, Mathematical-Instrument Maker. 16mo. pp. 109. 50 cents. Boston: Walker, Wise & Co. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

School of the Guides. Designed for the Use of the Militia of the United States. By Col. Eugene de Gal, 55th Regiment N. Y. S. M. 16mo, paper. pp. 60. New York: D. Van Nostrand.

Aptommas' History of the Harp: in which is given a Comprehensive View of its Origin and Progress from the Creation to the Present Time, and Embracing Accounts of its Employment Respectively by the Antediluvians, Egyptians, Hebrews, Grecians, Romans, Cambrians, Celts, French, etc.; together with a Biographical Sketch of the Most Celebrated Harpists who have Contributed to its Development. Illustrated with Representations of Ancient Harps, etc. Imperial 4to. pp. 55. New York: Published by the Author, at the Conservatoire de la Harpe.

Yale Agricultural Lectures, being Outlines of the First Course of Lectures given during the Agricultural Convention at New Haven, February, 1860. Reported by Henry S. Olcott, of the New York *Tribune*; revised and corrected by the Lecturers, with an Introduction by Prof. Jno. A. Porter; to which is added an Appendix, by Prof. Samuel W. Johnson, giving Directions for an Agricultural Experiment to be tried by all who attended the Course. New York: C. M. Saxton, Barker & Co.

Salmagundi. By William Irving, J. K. Paulding, and Washington Irving. Edited, with a Preface and Notes, by E. A. Duyckinck. With Two Illustrations, by Hoppin. $1 50. New York: G. P. Putnam.

Historical Sketch of Commerce and Navigation, from the Christian Era to 1860. By George Cuggeshall. 1 vol., 8vo. $2. New York: G. P. Putnam.

ENGLISH.

HISTORICAL.

Brut y Tywysogion; or, The Chronicle of the Princes. Edited by the Rev. John Williams ab Ithel, M.A., Rector of Llanymowddwy, Merionethshire. Published by the authority of the Lords Commissioners of her Majesty's Treasury, under the direction of the Master of the Rolls. London: Longmans.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Detective's Note-Book. 8vo. 2s. London: Ward & Lock.

A Lexicon of Freemasonry: Containing a Definition of all its Communicable Terms, Notices of its History, Traditions, and Antiquities, and an Account of all the Rites and Mysteries of the Ancient World. By Albert G. Mackey, M.D. First English Edition, reprinted from the Fifth American Edition. Revised and enlarged by Donald Campbell, S.P.R.S., 32d Degree, Compiler of the "Scottish Masonic Calendar." Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d. London: Richard Griffin & Co.

The Literary History of Germany, from the Earliest Period to the Commencement of the Nineteenth Century. By Gustav Soiling, R.M., Academy, Woolwich. 8vo. 4s 6d. London: Williams & Norgate.

Mind and Brain; or, Correlations of the General Laws of Life and Consciousness: with their application to Philosophy, Natural History, Physiology, Mental Pathology, and the Practices of Medicine. By Professor Laycock, of the University of Edinburgh. 2 vols. London: Simpkin, Marshall & Co.

A Dictionary of Modern Slang, Cant, and Vulgar Words; with a History of Cant and Vulgar Language from the Time of Henry VIII., and Glossaries of Two Secret Languages Spoken by the Wandering Tribes of London, the Costermongers and the Patterers. By a London Antiquary. With account of the Hieroglyphics Used by Vagabonds. Second edition, entirely rewritten, with more than 2,000 additional Words, and a mass of fresh information. Fcap., 8vo. pp. 316. 4s 6d. London: John Camden Hotten.

Lady Chesterfield's Letters to her Daughter. Comprising the Opinions of that Gentlewoman upon Fashion, Morals, Deportment, Education, Matrimony, Philosophy, Shakespeare, and the Musical Glasses. By George Augustus Sala, author of "Twice Round the Clock," etc. Illustrations by "Phiz." Royal 16mo. 3s 6d. London: Houston & Wright.

A Critical Examination of the Texts of Shakespeare; together with Notes on his Plays and Poems. By the late W. Sidney Walker. Edited by W. Nanson Lettsom. 3 vols., fcap. 8vo. 18s. London: J. Russell Smith.

The Oldest of the Old World. Post 8vo, with an Illustration. London: Bentley.

Art Impressions of Dresden, Berlin, and Antwerp, with Selections from the Galleries. By William Ney Wilkins, author of "Letters on Connoisseurship." Post 8vo. London: Bentley.

NOVELS.

Castle Richmond. By Anthony Trollope. Author of "Doctor Thorne," "The West Indies and the Spanish Main," etc. London: Chapman & Hall.

Tom Rocket. By Albany Fonblanque, Jr., author of "Rights and Wrongs," etc. 8vo. 2s. London: Ward & Lock.

Right at Last, and Other Tales. 10s 6d. London: Sampson Low, Son & Co.

The Wayward Heart. By Edward J. Brauthwayt, author of "Deerbrooke Parsonage." 2 vols., Post 8vo. London: Charles J. Skeet.

El Fureidis: or, The Happy Valley. By Miss Cummins, author of "The Lamplighter" and "Mabel Vaughan." 2 vols., small 8vo. London: Sampson Low, Son & Co.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

Lady Morgan: her Career, Literary and Personal. By W. J. Fitzpatrick, Esq., author of "The Life, Times, and Contemporaries of Lord Cloncurry," "Notes on the Cornwallis Papers," etc. 8vo. pp. 312. 5s. London: C. J. Skeet.

POETRY.

Descriptive and Other Poems. By Charles Bayly, Esq. 8vo. 5s. London: Williams & Norgate.

TRAVELS.

The Cottages of the Alps; or, Life and Manners in Switzerland. By a Lady. Illustrated with the Crests of the Cantons. 2 vols., post 8vo. London: Sampson Low, Son & Co.

REPRINTS AND TRANSLATIONS.

RELIGIOUS.

Sermons Preached in St. Mary's, Oxford, before the University. By Adam S. Farrar, M.A., F.G.S., F.R.A.S., etc. Philadelphia: Smith, English & Co. New York: Sheldon & Co.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Cyclopædia of Literary and Scientific Anecdote. Edited by William Kiddie, Secretary to the Philosophical Society of Glasgow. 1 vol., large 12mo. $1 25. Columbus, Ohio: Follett, Foster & Co.

Letters of Alexander Von Humboldt to Varnhagen Von Ense: from 1827 to 1858. With Extracts from Varnhagen's Diaries and Letters of Varnhagen and others to Humboldt. Translated from the German Edition. By Friedrich Kapp. 12mo. pp. 407. New York: Rudd & Carleton.

NOVELS.

The Luck of Ladysmede: a Story of the Time of Richard the Lion-Hearted. Reprinted from *Blackwood's Magazine*. 50 cents. Boston: Littell, Son & Co.

BOOKS IN PRESS.

FOLLETT, FOSTER & CO., COLUMBUS, OHIO.

Poets and Poetry of the West. Ready July 1st.

Above her Station. From the German.

Gautier's Romance of the Mummy. Translated by Mrs. Annie T. Wood, translator of About's "Roman Question."

African Travel, from Park to Livingstone.

The Five (5) Black Arts.

Three Years in Chili. By a Lady.

Vol. IX. Ohio State Reports.

History of the Trial by Jury. By W. Forsyth. With Notes by John W. Andrews, of the Ohio Bar.

A Treatise on the Law of Nuisance. By Robert B. Warden, late Judge Supreme Court of Ohio.

D. APPLETON & CO., NEW YORK.

Romance of Natural History. By P. H. Gosse.

Tupper's 500 Sonnets.

Timb's Anecdote Biography.

The Garden that Paid the Rent.

COLLINS & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

A Manual of History of the United States, for the Use of Schools. By David B. Scott, A.M., Principal of Ward School No. 40, New York. 18mo. pp. 187. Price 25 cents.

A Popular Cyclopædia of Modern Domestic Medicine, comprising every Recent Improvement in Medical Knowledge, with a Plain Account of Medicines in Common Use. By Keith Imray, M.D., Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, and Licentiate of the Royal College of Surgeons, Edinburgh. To which are Prefixed by the editor, Popular Treatises upon Anatomy, Physiology, Surgery, Dietetics, and the Management of the Sick. 1 vol., 8vo, pp. 859. $3.

RUDD & CARLETON, NEW YORK.

The Life and Public Services of the Hon. John Bell.

NEW PUBLICATIONS

Received at the Office of The Saturday Press.

For the week ending Saturday, May 12, 1860.

Letters of Alexander Von Humboldt to Varnhagen Von Ense: from 1827 to 1858. With Extracts from Varnhagen's Diaries, and Letters of Varnhagen and others to Humboldt. Translated from the German Edition. By Friedrich Kapp. 12mo. pp. 407. New York: Rudd & Carleton. 1860.

School of the Guides: Designed for the Use of the Militia of the United States. By Col. Eugene de Gal, 55th Regiment N. Y. S. M. 16mo, paper. pp. 60. New York: D. Van Nostrand. 1860.

The Boy Inventor: A Memoir of Matthew Edwards, Mathematical Instrument Maker. 16mo. pp. 109. Boston: Walker, Wise & Co. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1860.

Aptommas' History of the Harp: in which is given a Comprehensive View of its Origin and Progress from the Creation to the Present Time, and Embracing Accounts of its Employment Respectively by the Antediluvians, Egyptians, Hebrews, Grecians, Romans, Cambrians, Celts, French, etc.; together with a Biographical Sketch of the most Celebrated Harpists who have Contributed to its Development. Illustrated with Representations of Ancient Harps, etc. Imperial 4to. pp. 55. New York: Published by the Author, at the Conservatoire de la Harpe. 1860.

Science in Theology: Sermons Preached in St. Mary's, Oxford, before the University. By Adam S. Farrar, M.A., F.G.S., F.R.A.S., etc., etc. 12mo. pp. 256. Philadelphia: Smith, English & Co. New York: Sheldon & Co. 1860.

The Panic, as Seen from Parnassus: and other Poems. By Champion Bissell. 12mo. pp. 286. New York: T. J. Crowen. 1860.

Echoes of Harper's Ferry. By James Redpath. 12mo. pp. 513. Boston: Thayer & Eldridge. 1860.

El Fureidis: an Oriental Romance. By the author of "The Lamplighter," and "Mabel Vaughan." 12mo. pp. 379. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1860.

Rutledge. 12mo. pp. 504. New York: Derby & Jackson. 1860.

A Popular History of England. By Mrs. Thomas Geldart. 12mo. pp. 275. New York: Sheldon & Co. 1860.

What Will he Do with It? By Pisistratus Caxton. A Novel. By Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, Bart. Library Edition. 3 vols. 12mo. pp. 408-444-442. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1860.

Sunday Enjoyments; or, Religion made Pleasant to Children. 18mo. pp. 107. New York: D. Dana, Jr. 1860.

The Scripture History of our Blessed Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ: arranged to Illustrate His Divinity, Doctrine, and Mission. By M. B. Sterling Clark. 16mo. pp. 135. New York: D. Dana, Jr. 1860.

The N. Y. Saturday Press.

HENRY CLAPP, JR., EDITOR.

NEW YORK, MAY 12, 1860.

MUSCLE.

It may be an absurd peculiarity, but to our ear there is no more disagreeable word in the English language than the word 'Muscle.'

Fancy, then, what we have suffered this last three weeks!

Nothing but Muscle to be heard of on any terms.

Muscle in Broadway.

Muscle in Wall street.

Muscle in Printing House Square.

Muscle in the Drawing-Room.

Muscle in Church.

Muscle at Pfaff's.

Muscle at the Opera.

Muscle everywhere.

One would think that a new commandment had been discovered saying 'Muscle is the principal thing, therefore get muscle.' In fact to hear people talk—weak people especially—you would suppose that but for muscle, the world would die, and there an end.

Which we beg leave respectfully to doubt.

The idea that nobody can hope to be anything in this world, either physically or mentally, without having the muscle of a blacksmith or a coal-heaver, is rank nonsense.

Most of the muscular fellows die in the prime of life and to nobody's very particular regret.

Men flock to their funerals as to a festival.

Their qualities, both of body and mind, are of the coarsest kind.

As a rule, they haven't even the quality (people rarely have) which they most brag of—to wit, courage: in many cases not even physical courage. As for moral courage, they know nothing about it.

Their prowess as a rule consists in a certain readiness to attack people smaller than themselves, and to attack them under circumstances of the least possible risk.

Fair play is not in their code—and never was.

The idea, then, of cultivating your muscle in order to become brave, heroic, honorable, chivalric, or anything of the kind, is simply absurd.

You need not do it even to become healthy; for the healthiest men in the world, those who suffer the least pain and live the longest as well as the most useful and the most pleasurable lives, are those with whom muscle is never an object of serious thought.

As for muscle being necessary to mental or moral vigor, no more stupid idea—no idea more contrary to all human experience—was ever advanced.

In fact it is more than probable that if the men who have been the lights of the world, and whose names we all reverence, had been brought up as if life were a great Prize Fight, and muscle were the one thing needful—we should never have heard of one in ten of them.

They would nearly all have died of muscle.

We are heartily tired, therefore, of having it dinged into our ears that everybody ought to put himself into training in order to become an athlete.

We get enough of athletes at the circus.

Besides, think of a world of Windships!

It would be as bad as a world of Windbags.

If a man is engaged in pursuits that require muscle, why the pursuits themselves will give him muscle: but if he is not engaged in such pursuits, he had better let his muscle alone.

The best sign of health is not to be conscious of having a muscle in your whole body.

We have no particular objection to young men of a sanitary and facetious turn, going to gymnasiums and twisting their bodies into all sorts of ludicrous shapes with a view to developing their muscle; but we cannot help saying that, as a rule, we have found that the persons most given to these comic exercises are a very unhealthy set, suffering from every kind of ailment except 'a rush of brains to the head,' and by no means very festive persons to associate with.

Finally, we have no objection to men like Heenan and Sayers giving themselves over exclusively to muscle, and, when they get occasion, visiting their muscle upon each other.

Let dogs delight, etc.

But we do protest against this brutal mania which has recently set so many weak people crazy, and insist that, as things go, it may almost be laid down as a rule, that a man is 'healthy, wealthy, and wise,' in inverse proportion to his amount of muscle.

THE LETTERS OF HUMBOLDT.*

For more than thirty years Alexander Von Humboldt and Varnhagen Von Ense walked this puzzling world together in the flowery bonds of intimate and confiding friendship. In the course of these years they met very often, and doubtless enjoyed themselves whenever they met. Also they improved the blessed privilege of epistolary correspondence. Their letters were incessant. They stuck to the entertainment with a pertinacity worthy of the glutinous Micawber, and they very nearly eclipsed him in dignity of style and tone. Almost everything was discussed between them, from the laws and conditions of the Universe down to the religion and politics of Europe. They had no objection against receiving letters from other persons, and they exchanged for mutual delectation the letters so received. Kings, Princes, and Nobles were among their correspondents. Poets and men of letters, statesmen and politicians, ladies, beautiful and otherwise, all, for their amusement, wielded that weapon which is mightier than the sword. At length these ancient gentlemen left off writing letters and quietly died. Varnhagen departed in 1858, Humboldt in 1860. Over the grave of the former the world did not expend a liberal lamentation. For the latter there was some real regret and a good deal of printed sorrow. A little time has elapsed and now the affectionate niece of Varnhagen,—Mademoiselle Ludmilla Assing,—has laid pious hands on the papers of the dear defunct, and furnished to the world a collection of two hundred and twenty-five private letters. The world is grateful as usual. It is interested in the savan. It is more deeply interested in gossip. Unquestionably the grand intellect of Humboldt has held imperial sway over all the intellect of the nineteenth century. Unquestionably the taste for gossip is profound and universal in human nature. Accordingly this volume has made what is called a sensation, and achieved what is called a success.

The original edition was published at Leipsic. In Germany the book has excited a strong feeling of disapproval and antagonism. This is not remarkable, considering what Varnhagen calls the 'satirical cheerfulness' of the old philosopher. It was a peculiarity in the nature of Humboldt that he did not respect persons who were not respectable, nor admire persons who were not admirable. He had a keen insight for the detection of stupidity, and neither crowns nor decorations could ward off the arrows of his sarcasm. He did not shoot those arrows publicly indeed, but to a little sharp-shooting in a private way he seems to have had no rooted antipathy. Persons who write confidential letters to intimate friends are apt, sometimes at least, to express their real opinions of individuals and of things. Humboldt was not exceptional in his practice in this regard. Hence it happens that his letters are not destitute of allusions by no means complimentary to many reverend and respectable people. Of course their publication is a direful event, alike to those persons and to their friends. Not because sarcasms are important in themselves or often effective. In a general way it does no man any harm to be called Holofernes. (See Dr. Johnson.) But the name of Humboldt is a power, and the words of Humboldt are not likely to die. If the praise of Sir Hubert Stanley is eminently grateful, the censure of Sir Hubert must be commensurately bitter.

Bitter enough, at all events, are the sarcasms of Humboldt, and distributed freely, with very little respect of persons. According to the old adage, a cat may look upon a king: according to Humboldt's practice, a philosopher may with impunity participate in that feline speculation. "I am severe," he says, "only to the mighty ones of earth." Perhaps he limits somewhat the scope of his severity; but throughout these letters there are manifestations of such contempt for dignitaries, alike of Church and State, as must penetrate all proper and well-regulated minds with dismay and horror. For example, this amiable old gentleman does not hesitate to say that reading Raumer's books is like being whipped, and that he considers Raumer to be a stupid person; that Napoleon III. is a despot and a scoundrel, besides being the son of Admiral Verhuel; that Steffens was rather a bore, and Bunsen was 'another'; that ill-nature was at home in the gentle bosom of the Princess of Liegnitz, and that M. Von Werther had 'illiterate-looking mustaches'; that M. Gretax wrote an insipid book, and that M. Guinet was venomous; that Sir Robert Peel looked like a Dutchman, and that Lord Aberdeen was invincibly taciturn without ever being able to convince beholders that his taciturnity covered any intelligence; that Eichhorn didn't amount to much, and Sarisy was a contemptible menial; that the King of Prussia was not an immaculate person, and that the 'incidental' Prince Albert of England might properly be considered a dunce; that Radowitz was an individual to be laughed at, and that Herr Senfft Von Pilsach and Persigny were much in the same boat; that the French people were pugs, and that Berlin was an illiterate town and more than malicious; that the Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar was a humbug; that the Marquis of Normanby wrote a stupid book; that Gerlach was a miserable dunce; and that Niebuhr is a base rascal, a mean sneak, and canting parasite, brimful of malice and venom. That will do.

In view of all these opinions, and a number of others, Mademoiselle Ludmilla Assing has been vigorously assailed in many reviews, for having committed, in the publication of the Letters, an act dishonorable to the memory of the dead, and—which is of more practical importance—disrespectful to the dignity of the living. Her defence is that both Humboldt and Varnhagen intended the letters for publication, and that she has merely fulfilled the mutual intention of those departed worthies. It is a very pretty quarrel; but it is 'much ado about nothing.'

In no large sense can these letters of Humboldt be accounted at all interesting or valuable. Many of them are pretty; most of them are stupid; and all of them happily illustrate the truth of an old saying, that the charm of private letters consists in their being interesting only to the persons to whom they were addressed. Altogether, the book is at once trivial and tiresome. It is trivial because its interest centres in its gossip, and it is tiresome because it has no inherent vitality. If Messrs. Humboldt and Varnhagen intended these letters for publication, then Messrs. Humboldt and Varnhagen were not destitute of the vanity and other feeble virtues peculiar to senile persons. If, on the other hand, Mademoiselle Ludmilla Assing has broken lock and seal to volunteer the gossip of her uncle and her uncle's friend, then unquestionably Mademoiselle Ludmilla Assing is—a woman.

* Letters of Alexander Von Humboldt to Varnhagen Von Ense: From 1827 to 1858. With Extracts from Varnhagen's Diaries and Letters of Varnhagen and others to Humboldt. Translated from the second German Edition. By Friedrich Kapp. New York: Rudd & Carleton. Leipsic: F. A. Brockhaus.

ART ABOUT TOWN.

At Goupil's we see a much trumpeted picture, 'The First Day of Worship,' by Schwartze. It represents a company of Dutch men and women, in masquerade as 'Pilgrim Fathers.' The composition is good, the figures lack neither individuality nor interest, the picture is altogether respectable in execution; but the English Puritan was made of an oak that does not grow in the low countries. Nothing could be more unlike his iron severity than this soft, affectionate, demonstrative pastor, gesticulating before the Lord and his flock.

This work well illustrates the difficulty, amounting to impossibility, of understanding and rendering from within a history foreign to the artist. At Washington we see an Italian Putnam, as wide of the mark in character as a French translation of Shakspeare or 'Le Père Tom.' We remember also Leutze's ludicrous representation of Bryant's 'Fairest of the Rural Maids,' as a strapping German peasant girl, travelling barefooted up hill, with a hay rake, three spears of grass in her bundle, and a jug.

At the Dusseldorf is Crawford's 'Dancing Jenny,' a very ugly little figure, ill-drawn and clumsy in form, ungraceful in action, uninteresting in the momentary expression, and of no account as a study of temperament or character. Mr. Crawford made many statues no better than this. His habit was sketchy; he 'threw off' works, as his friends would admiringly say, without any deep impression. We know nothing worse in marble than the boy beside the schoolmaster, in his design for the pediment at Washington. His head is frightfully disproportioned and misshapen, his ugliness is positive. The step of this little girl is artificial, is that of a dancing-school. It has nothing of the morning remoteness and unconsciousness which is childhood.

Under a discipline of earnest and severe, yet sympathetic criticism, Mr. Crawford would have made half as many statues, and they would have been twice as good. He cultivated his 'dangerous facility,' and rested content in a superficial or popular view. Therefore, his American Mechanic is not a mechanic, his Indian is not an Indian, his Beethoven is demonstrative, his work in general is not final, does not exhaust any subject, or deepen our knowledge of it to conviction and satisfaction.

There is also a bust of Hawthorne, by Miss Lander, sufficiently vigorous in material traits. We see in it little of the absorbed and lonely introvertent habit of the original. This is the head of an easily but not deeply moved, an open and communicative man. It has rather the action of a public speaker, than of a contemplative, retiring poet, whose thoughts must be remotely indicated, must come to the surface in glimpses and fitful gleams. The charm of Hawthorne is shade and privacy. His mind is like an unsunned spring in a deep wood, the last refreshment after our garish sunshine and the dust of the literary highway. There is a golden silence behind his silver speech, and in his aspect there should be the same reserve and resource, a mystery, a hint of the incommunicable, a concentration of power which never all finds utterance in look or word. This interiority, the soul of the subject, we do not feel in the bravely-handled marble of Miss Lander. It has strength of form, and lacks only this subtle sympathy with the genius of the man.

Her 'Evangeline' slips through the fingers of criticism, has little quality for praise or blame.

The Dead Pearl Diver, by Akers, is a work of undeniable merit. It is carefully modelled, with knowledge and feeling in every part, and seems to us a genuine though not commanding product of imagination, and so, something very rare in marble, a work of art.

The subject is slight to be so elaborately treated and in such enduring material. Life, not death, and therefore only life in death, will reinforce and refresh the beholder. The inanimate figure is only tolerable when it is not really inanimate, when it still retains a speaking-form moulded on the last motion of the soul, when it still lives with passion or purpose altogether deathless, so that we feel, very near, the presence which has just escaped. So after setting, the sun is still in the sky.

Art at its best is a liberation from the body by means of the body, an open road through the figure to the life. This fair form is not merely a form, a piece of cold-blooded anatomy, or a literal copy of actual flesh, like the Cenci of Miss Hosmer, but the life revealed in it was never powerful, and we have only faint and tender reminiscence rather than presence of it—too faint to appeal successfully to any but the most sensitive and sympathetic mind.

Genuine suggestion or poetry in marble we say is very rare. Among American statues by courtesy ideal, we look far to find another so sincere and free from artifice or convention as this.

The early work of Crawford was imitative, an echo both in motive and method. The statues of later date in which he spoke from himself, are free, not accurate, in execution; are picturesque, or to use a parallel term, sculpturesque in effect without earnestness of feeling. They have little charm for imagination, create no atmosphere about them, are not impressive. They are often admirable, if the reader will take our distinction, but they cast no inevitable spell on the beholder; they are not presences, they do not haunt the mind.

The work of Crawford seems to us graceful and vigorous commonplace, yet it has a certain life, and is so removed from the mechanical elaboration of Powers. The Greek Slave is a form without motive, without even animal consciousness, that physical sentiment which sways, unites, and animates the members. The works of Palmer are better vitalized, but their life is the luxury of 'flesh and blood, sweet flesh and blood.' His figures are pretty girls undressed, and by warmth of literal imitation have provoked sermons upon nude sculpture, from the *Crayon and Cosmopolitan Art Journal*. These figures are nude, not because they are undraped, but because their sexual and animal traits are given with manifest emphasis of enjoyment, are made the centre of interest, are the true inspiration of every work, however veiled under a romantic title, or what the *Atlantic Monthly* considers a touching 'predicament.'

We are running wide in our search for imaginative work.

The striking Indian of Brown, a study of great power, more vigorous perhaps in form and action than any American work, admirable in its kind and as a study, has yet little of the weird creative influence, so quickly felt, yet never definable, which carries the mind beyond the object of sight. Perhaps in elaboration something of the original spirit of the work escaped.

There is an Indian and Dog by Ward, still in plaster, which we connect in thought with this Dead Pearl Diver, though widely different in every other quality, as a piece of poetic suggestion. It is a wind from the wilderness, a free and supple figure hurrying stealthily forward in the chase, full of dull, concentrated, semi-animal vitality, a Western Faun, and truer than Donatello to the eager yet melancholy delight of savage health and half awakened life. The figure is almost ugly to sight in fidelity to Indian traits, but it brings with it a breath of the woods.

These two statues we should say need no apology for being. They are feelings uttered. That of Ward is masculine and decided, has the rude energy of which we find so little in the galleries. It is no studio work, but as much a piece of out-doors as the best, that is the most definite, imagery of Walt Whitman. The inspiration of Akers is something vague, a sentiment rather than a strong conception. There is character in the figure, but of a very soft and shadowy type.

To the 'Palmer Marbles,' everywhere paraded in photograph till they have become an 'institution,' we shall give more elaborate attention another day.

Notes of the Week.

— Messrs. Rudd & Carleton have in active preparation, to be published immediately, the Life and Public Services of the Hon. John Bell.

— Messrs. Thayer & Eldridge, Boston, have just published a campaign-book by Mr. Redpath, entitled 'Echoes of Harper's Ferry,' and comprising the principal speeches, poems, and other utterances called forth by John Brown's invasion of Virginia.

— 'The School of the Guides, designed for the use of the Militia of the U. S., by Col. Eugene de Gal of the 55th Regiment N. Y. S. M.,' is the name of a book just issued by Mr. Van Nostrand.

— Mr. Aptommas has just published a learned and interesting history of his favorite instrument—The Harp.

— The Rev. Dr. Lamson's learned work on 'The Church of the First Three Centuries, or Notices of the Lives and Opinions of some of the Early Fathers, with special reference to the Doctrine of the Trinity,' is published this week by Messrs. Walker, Wise & Co., Boston.

— The New Church Publishers' Association have just published a phonographic report of ten sermons on 'Truth and Life in Jesus,' preached in Manchester, England, by the Rev. T. L. Harris.

— Mr. Crowen publishes to-day a work by Champion Bissell, entitled 'The Panic as seen from Parnassus, and other Poems.'

— Mr. Putnam publishes to-day a new edition of Salmagundi, with a preface and notes by Mr. E. A. Duyckinck; also a 'Historical Sketch of Commerce and Navigation from the Christian Era to 1860.'

— The Messrs. Appletons are about reprinting Mr. Tupper's 'Three Hundred Sonnets.'

— Messrs. Follett, Foster & Co., of Columbus, Ohio, have in press a 'History of the Trial by Jury, by W. Forsyth, with Notes by John W. Andrews of the Ohio Bar': also a Treatise on the Law of Nuisance by Robert B. Warden, late Judge of the Supreme Court of Ohio.

— A new edition of the Poems of William Dunbar is shortly to be published, with a memoir and notes by Mr. James Patterson, author of 'Wallace and his Times.'

— The Hon. George P. Marsh will deliver one of the courses of lectures before the Lowell Institute, Boston, during the next season.

— Mrs. Anne C. Botta, better known to the literary world as Miss Lynch, has in preparation a 'Hand-book of Universal Literature.'

— A private reprint of 'The Bay Psalm Book,' of which so much is lately said, is preparing at Boston. The edition is strictly limited to fifty copies, at $10 each; it is printed from a collation of the two copies belonging to the Library of Harvard College and to Edward Livermore, Esq. Neither of these is complete, but by their union they supply all the pages. The only perfect copy preserved is at Boston, and formerly belonged to Dr. Thomas Prince, the annalist of New England, and is now in his library at the Old South Church.

— Messrs. Carlton & Porter are about to publish 'The Life of Jacob Gruber,' the eccentric preacher of the Baltimore Conference. The work contains a full account of his indictment by the Grand Jury of Frederick county, Maryland, and his trial on the charge of inciting an insurrection among the slaves by his memorable sermon at campmeeting in 1818. He was defended by Roger B. Taney, present Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, the defense being one of the most thoroughly Anti-Slavery arguments ever made.

— The Historical Society proposes to print, by subscription, the proceedings at the Irving Commemoration, in the highest typographical style. The price, which will not be small, will be limited by the cost of production.

— Mr. George Folsom, of this city, late United States Minister to Holland, has it in contemplation to superintend the publication of the prose writings of Robert Southey, or such portions of them as received the careful revision of the author, amongst which will be his Life of Nelson. It is Mr. Folsom's intention to commence with the least known of the works, embracing Southey's contributions to the quarterly and annual Reviews, and other essays and biographies.

— "The Bobbin Youth" is the catch-penny title of a sketch of the early life of Nathaniel P. Banks, Governor of Massachusetts, which Rev. William M. Thayer is now preparing for the press.

— Messrs. Thayer & Eldridge, Boston, announce that Walt Whitman's 'Leaves of Grass' will be published on or about the first of June. It is to be the most elegantly printed work of the season.

— Mr. Coventry Patmore has just published a new and revised edition of his 'Angel in the House.'

— The library of the late W. W. Turner, with its rich collection of oriental works, and books in our Indian languages and on the Aborigines, will be sold in in this city, in May.

— Mr. J. Jay Smith is busily preparing a work comprising a facsimile of a letter of each signer of the Declaration of Independence, with a view of his birthplace or residence; or where this is inaccessible, a copy of his monument, or some memorial.

— We learn from the reported proceedings of the Providence School Committee, in the *Providence Journal*, that the Committee on Qualifications made a report, in which they recommend that a copy of Worcester's large dictionary be purchased for each Grammar School, and two copies for the High School. Subsequently the Committee on Qualifications was authorized to purchase Worcester's dictionary in compliance with the recommendation.

— Humboldt's correspondence with Varnhagen, which has created such a sensation abroad, is published this week by Rudd & Carleton of this city, who have certainly manifested considerable energy in securing for themselves its first publication in this country. They obtained an early German copy and set a translator at work on it. The Appletons, in the meantime, had purchased an advanced copy for two hundred dollars. Rudd & Carleton, however, bought them off, by paying all the expense they had been to in the matter. The Harpers also were making arrangements to publish the work, but they withdrew in favor of their young rivals.

CARD FROM THE TRANSLATOR.

To the Editor of the Evening Post:

My attention having been called to a statement in some of the city papers to the effect that, in my translation of 'Humboldt's Private Correspondence,' published by Messrs. Rudd & Carleton, there have been parts suppressed, I beg that you will do me the favor to state that I deny emphatically having tampered with, suppressed, or altered in the least, any portion from the German, as I can prove by comparing with the original. On the contrary, this American edition is somewhat richer than the German, inasmuch as notes have been added to the more important allusions wherever, in my judgment, the American reader might not clearly understand them. I have also appended an index of persons alluded to in the volume, which is not in the Leipsic edition.

Please correct this impression, and oblige, yours respectfully, FRIEDRICH KAPP.

New York, May 8, 1860.

Standing Announcement.

The Board of Aldermen met yesterday but transacted no business of importance.

Platform of the National Union Party.

No North, no South, no East, no West, no anything.

Flour-Mill.

Jenkins, of the London *Court Journal*, saw nothing at the great Heenan and Sayer Mill but the flower of the British aristocracy.

An Unsafe Place to live in.

A writer in the Peoriental districts has discovered that Boston 'rests upon a revolutionary foundation.'

The Champion of the Feather-Weights in Poetry.

Mr. Bissell of Parnassus.

None the worse for 'Ware.'

The Japanese.

Commercial Candidate for the Presidency.

Mr. Everett of the *Ledger*.

Good sign for a Bar.

Only 'standing'-room left.

Fugitive Slaves.

The Charleston Seceders.

Worcester's Definition of 'Bell.'

'A hollow metallic vessel for giving a sound on being struck.'

Douglas' Motto since the Baltimore Nomination.

Bell, book, and candle shall not drive me back,
When gold and silver becks me to come on.

Geese.

Jo Cose writes us that having known the Hon. John Bell for many years, he has no hesitation in pronouncing him to be as great a goose as Everett.

A second 'Great Tom' cracked in England.

Sayers.

Pounds.

According to *Bell's Life*, an English nobleman has just presented Sayers with twenty pounds; Heenan, however, more generous, had already given him at least twice as many.

Casus Belli.

The only effect of the nomination of the National Union Party in Baltimore, will probably be to increase the demand for *Bell's Life*, and to inaugurate a new branch of *Bell Letters*.

— A very remarkable fact comes out in connection with the volume of Lord's Brougham's 'Mathematical and Physical Tracts,' just published by Messrs. Griffin. One of the papers, on the subject of Light and Colors, was published in the Philosophical Transactions for 1796. The copy sent to the Royal Society contained remarks on the effect of exposing a plate of ivory stained with nitrate of silver to the rays of the spectrum, and also on the result of submitting the plate to the rays passing through a small aperture into a dark room. These suggestions were considered by Sir C. Blagden to relate more to art than to pure science, and were accordingly omitted from the published copy. Had they appeared, it is morally certain that they would have led to the immediate discovery of photography, fifty years earlier than its actual introduction. In spite of its abstruse nature, a new edition of the volume was required in a week.

—'A New Biographia Britannica, a series of Lives of Illustrious Englishmen, by various Writers,' is announced by Mr. Murray, 'uniform with Dr. William Smith's Classical Dictionaries.'

— A work of the first importance in Mental Science is announced by Dr. Laycock, the well-known Professor of Medicine at the University of Edinburgh. It is entitled 'The Mind and the Brain; or, Correlations of the General Laws of Life and Consciousness, with their applications to Philosophy, Natural History, Physiology, and the Practice of Medicine.'

— The following description of

Dramatic Feuilleton.

The Overland Route.

Mr. Wallack and Miss Laura Keene have between them arranged some very curious advertisements for the country managers.

They are all about Mr Tom Taylor's comedy, *The Overland Route*.

According to Miss Keene, she suggests subjects to Mr. Taylor, alters his dialogue, and gives him 'situations.' *The Overland Route* was written by Mr. Taylor at the suggestion of, and expressly for Miss Laura Keene and her company, as it was constituted in the seasons of '58 and '59. The unprecedented run of 'Our American Cousin,' however, prevented its production during that memorable season. The secession of Mr. Blake, for whom the part of Sir Solomon was written—caused another delay, during which lapse of time the piece, with all its suggestions, alterations, and situations furnished by Miss Keene, under Mr. Taylor's careful adoption, having been accepted by Mr. Buckstone, at the Haymarket, it has been copyrighted in both countries as the joint work of Tom Taylor and Laura Keene."

So no wicked manager must lay hands on this 'joint' work, or Taney will be after them with an injunction. I understand that Miss Keene intends to copyright the version of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, which she, with Mr. Richard Grant White, and Genio C. Scott, suggested to William Shakspeare, the friend of J. H. Siddons and Judge Daly.

In order to give the public a little light on this subject, and to show how admirably *The Overland Route* is adapted to our audience, I send you a resumé of the plot from an English paper:

The Overland Route is a comedy in three acts, written for Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mathews, and produced at the Haymarket on the 23rd of February last. It was still in the bills in the 21st of April. During the first and second acts the scene is laid on board one of the Peninsular and Oriental Company's steamboats, bound homeward after the Indian mutiny, and the passengers are the *Dramatis Personæ* whose strange sayings and doings constitute the business of the play. Not to enumerate with tedious particularity all the members of this motley assemblage, it will suffice to mention those only who contribute most conspicuously to the amusement of the spectators. In this number must be classed *Mr Oldeppper* (Mr. Chippendale), a retired civil commissioner of the Badgeripore district, whose accounts are somewhat in arrear; *Sir Solomon Frazer* (Mr. Compton), a *ci devant jeune homme*, who having spent his life chiefly at native Courts, is now returning to England with a fine head of false hair, and a set of teeth which he takes out at night and puts in in the morning, like his shirt-studs; *Captain Clavering* (Mr. E. Villiers), a military young 'swell' of the fastest of all fast schools, who unfortunately has been known to do a few things at whist which would not pass muster either with Hoyle or Crawley; *Major MacTurk* (Mr. Rogers), a fire-eater with the voice of a lion and the heart of a chicken; *Mr Lowbond* (Mr. Buckstone), a Singapore merchant, who is, moreover, a victim of society—a martyr to unfortunate coincidences, but whose sorrows keep the house in a roar; his too obsequious satellite, *Moleskin* (Mr. Clark), a rascally detective, who follows him like his shadow; and *Tom Dexter* (Mr. C. Mathews), an adventurer, who, having been knocked about rather unceremoniously by Fortune, and having passed through a series of strange vicissitudes, has at last the good luck to obtain the appointment of surgeon to the ship, in which capacity he does a variety of noble acts, and under trying circumstances proves himself not the physician only, but the 'guide, philosopher, and friend' of all on board. Among the ladies the most noteworthy are *Mrs. Lowbond* (Mrs. Wilkins), who unconscious of the existence of her lord, much less of his presence in the same vessel with her, fancies herself a widow, and under this soft delusion encourages the savage suit of *Major MacTurk*; *Mrs. Skreight* (Mrs. C. Mathews), a young married woman, who is an object of the fiercest contention and the most ludicrous rivalry between *Oldeppper* and *Fraser*, both of whose addresses she is vain enough to receive, though well aware she has no legitimate right to either; and *Miss Oldeppper* (Miss M. Ternan), on whose hand *Clavering* has designs, which however are not crowned with success—his idol preferring to make *Dexter* the happiest of men. In the course of the voyage the ship runs aground on the Mazaffa Reef, in the Red Sea, and is totally wrecked. This sudden calamity 'checks the tide of laughter with a sigh,' gives a dash of serious sentiment to the exuberant fun of the piece, and is also of service in bringing out the better qualities of many of the passengers, which otherwise might not have been disclosed; for it is adversity that tries men's souls and shows them in their true light. All the characters in this little comedy are drawn with a skill which intimates in the artist surprising knowledge of human nature; but the personage who contributes most abundantly and most unremittingly to the enjoyment of the audience, is, beyond question, *Mr. Lowbond*. This ill-fated gentleman, who had been compelled by the tyrannical temper of his wife to fly his native land ten years before, and who is now timidly returning, in the hope that she may in the meantime have passed into another if not a better world, gets on board at Aden, and, being mistaken for a runaway felon, is incontinently pounced upon by *Mr. Moleskin*, the detective, who puts him in irons and treats him with every indignity. Troubles thicken around him, and the cup of his bitterness overflows when at length he finds himself in the awful presence of his spouse, whose lover, the *Major*, threatens to blow his brains out for robbing him of the lady with whom he had hoped to spend his life in matrimonial bliss.

[The characters played in London by C. Mathews, Compton, Buckstone, Rogers, and Mrs. C. Mathews, are allotted here to Lester Wallack, Blake, Walcot, and John Brougham.]

The London papers, out of the Taylor clique, said that the piece was on the whole stupid, but that Mathews was very amusing, and that he, with the fine scenery and so on, saved the play.

As to Mr. Wallack's copy, I believe that the Sunday school truth about it is, that it was sent here by the distinguished ironmonger manager, Knowles, of Manchester, the mortgagee of Charles Mathews. Knowles owns the comedian, and of course, the plays written for him.

Will Cadwallader, or some other Philadelphia Mansfield, tell us if there is any power in Congress to compel Jefferson and Mrs. Thalia Wood to give up their gags in *Ivanhoe*?

Vale.

Miss Laura Keene closes her regular season to-night, and is succeeded at the direction of affairs by Jefferson, who opens with the *Invisible Prince* (with Mrs. Wood, Miss C. Jefferson, Mrs. Chanfrau, and himself), on Wednesday or Thursday of this week.

Once in awhile I have had my little bit of fun with Miss Keene, but I should be as sorry as any of her most ardent admirers, should she retire altogether from the New York stage, as has been rumored. In some points her direction cannot be excelled, and I believe she has the true artistic pride in her vocation, or profession, as it is technically termed. Of course the public will come out strongly for the *soirée d'adieux* of so great a popular pet as Miss Laura Keene.

Geary.

Geary came out in the 'Wanderbilt,' the other day.

Geary was announced in the Purser's report, thus: "Mr. Gustavus Geary the celebrated Irish vocalist, "and his daughter Miss Mina Geary."

I do an immense amount of cramming from newspaper and other sources in order to keep myself acquainted with the names of singers, actors, and showfolks generally, but Geary was unknown to me.

I know him now. He has been done.

His name ought to be Gustavus Adolphus.

Was it not Captain Dalgetty who used to swear 'by the great Gustavus!' If the Captain lived in these latter days he would anathematize by Geary. He is an immense fellow. Irish all over. He is a good deal like Collins only more or so. He is expansive, Geary. He reminds you of the Central Park, or the Hudson, or *The Century*. He evidently imagines, like many other brilliant people from 'the other side,' that he has landed among a nation of savages, and that reading, writing, and other fine arts which were brought to Ireland by the 'Phaynacians' have not yet been introduced into the land of the West. So before G. G. sings 'Love's Young Dream,' or Blake's chef d'œuvre (Geary isn't a patch to the Governor in it), 'Farewell and when E'er you Remember the Hour,' or 'The Death of Nelson,' he makes a neat speech in the approved post-prandial style of our great-grandfathers. When G. G. desires to say "my friend Brown composed this song," he puts it tersely thus: "This "charming ballad—I refer to the a-music—was the "work of the a-distinguished a-Brown, a-Brown ladies "and gentlemen was, I think I may use the expres-"sion—Brown was to me one of the best, I may say "dearest and nearest, in fine I believe I can safely "assert that Brown was my friend."

Which is all very nice; and I am sure it amuses me more than the singing, though some people are rude enough to say, "—— Brown; stow him, and pipe your little lay."

G. Geary pipes well. He has got what is called an organ-voice, and it smells of Non Nobis Dominie and 'Here's a health to all good lasses' in every passage. You can always hear the Noble Chairman rapping for the gentlemen to come to order, while four jokers in seedy black coats (the bass always has a red nose and a George-the-Third white cravat) go to work at the National Anthem. It is a good voice, Geary's, and he sings the ballads passing well.

And then to see him at the piano! It is grand. When he plays a very simple accompaniment which any ten-year-older in New York could rattle off, one would think it was a difficult study of Chopin's or Robert Schumann's he was at. He has the air of a man conquering a great difficulty, and saying 'Good people, what do you think of this? Isn't it fine? It is hard, but I don't mind it a bit. What's difficulty to genius? Only a spur to exertion.'

And then to see him look at Miss Mina, who is a young lady of tender age, in a frock which is neither short nor long, but like the Charleston Convention, a drawn battle, and who sings with her hands clasped in front—it is grand. When she makes a run, G. G. hovers on the high note; when she trills, celestial canaries seem to be beckoning him to the New Jerusalem; when she descends the scale, he seems to sink gradually to rest with the proud consciousness of happy paternity.

Miss Mina sings very nicely, and the pride of Gustavus is quite natural; but I can't help being amused at all these things—that's natural, too.

Altogether, I think that Gustavus—who has all the fun of all the Irish comedians rolled into one man, and don't seem to know it—is a good thing to do.

If anybody is capable of upholding the Green in foreign parts, it is G. G. Erin goes B flat with him to a tremendous extent.

The Anniversary Opera.

Like everything else, the Opera, this week, has been given up to the Saints.

At the Winter Garden there has been more *Juive*; and at the Academy they have given *Moses in Egypt*, which is announced as the chef d'œuvre of Rossini. It is the seventy-first chef d'œuvre that I have heard by this composer. I don't care much about the merits of the case, but I do wish they would get some other expression, chef d'œuvre being very difficult to spell.

However, I can manage one way or the other: so they may go on with their chefs d'œuvres. There is only one master-work, and that, I need not say, is the Brightest and Best, but, I am pained to say, the most ungrateful of her sex.

Yes, Effendi, the last link is broken, the tie is severed, the—but why should I lay bare to the world a lacerated breast? I won't. The world will keep on buying and selling things, and eating its dinner and playing its billiards and won't care sixpence.

No. I will pine in silence.

May she be happy!

That's all.

Now about Mose. As for the music, every body knows all about it. The first and second acts are rather dusty, but the third and fourth make up for all. The libretto is one of those delightfully incomprehensible things, which make a man look back and think of his Euclid. There is a large amount of bass Moses, and of baritone Pharoah. Then there is the tenor, Brignoli's Prince of Wales, who is in love with the Prima Donna, Patti, who is rather over-weighted about the head-dress. The question is whether she will leave Egypt with Moses and her people, or stay over a train or two for H. R. H. In the end she throws him over, according to the usual custom of the delightful sex.

Some dramatists would have made a fine ending of the Opera, by taking the life of the Prince, who was one of those stupid Egyptians who insisted upon crossing the sea when the tide was exceedingly high, through the instrumentality of the young lady he loved. I think I see Boucicault inventing an entirely new effect, with a wonderful life-preserver, entirely new and copyrighted by D. B.

On the whole, I am inclined to think that *Moses* answers better as an oratorio than as an opera, and Deacon Strakosh would make a good thing of it, if he put the people into black dress-coats and white cravats. As it is, Major Susini makes a powerful Mose—he would be eligible to the place of Foreman for 'Big Six'; Patti, notwithstanding an acre of white muslin about her head, looks so prettily, and sings so charmingly, that even Brignoli might go and make a 'demnition moist, unpleasant body of himself' on her account; and altogether the performance is more than fair.

Next week, at the Academy, Madame Gazzaniga will play her most positively last, final, closing farewell engagement, previous to her retirement to one of her numerous palaces by the Lake of Como. There will be a performance every night except Saturday. Gazzaniga will sing in the *Traviata*, the *Favorita*, and *Lucrezia Borgia*. On Monday, *Masé* will be given, and on Tuesday, the *Traviata* with Gazzaniga.

A Wail.

For a fortnight, Colonel, 'ado.' With a heart lacerated, I may say shaded in the severest manner by the object of my dewy affections, I am about to commit moral suicide,—going, in fact, to a political convention; going to do Peoria in its most uncomfortable, barbarous, and Peorian aspect.

But it is all one to me, now. No more clean shirts; no more Jouvin; no more midday breakfasts; no more Pomard,—nothing but dust and ashes; desolation and dry bread; misery and pie!

Tic dolorously,

Personne.

Art Items.

— Mr. Holman Hunt, the English pre-raphaelite artist, whose picture, 'The Light of the World,' was exhibited in this city about a year ago, has painted a picture called 'Finding of the Saviour in the Temple,' which the London *Athenæum* notices most favorably. Mr. Hunt has spent eighteen months in Jerusalem, and has been engaged five years in studies preparatory to the execution of this picture. The *Athenæum* says: 'No one will deny that the result is, in all respects, a grand one, and almost unequalled, in our time, for power of design or splendor of execution, such, indeed, as the interest of the subject and the nature of the artist's genius would lead us to expect.'

If this conscientious devotion to the details of his picture were imitated by some of our own artists, we should not have to lament such a large production of mediocre pictures as grace (?) the walls of the present Academy exhibition. The *Athenæum* says:

The painter's treatment of the subject is worthy of our consideration, for it comes nearer to humanity than the impassive or idealess representations of the theme. Christ is thus made part of us, and the purpose of High Art better answered by thus enlisting our human sympathies, and showing the Redeemer in the perfection of his earthly robe, than by ignoring the very conditions under which he presented himself to men. Thoroughly English and Protestant is the thought of showing the Virgin as the mother, and not as the spiritualized ideality of the early Italian painters, or in the sensuously beautiful type of those who succeeded them. This has been the artist's conception of the characters, and herein lies the gist of his method of treating the subject, as well in the design as the execution of every part of the picture. For thus honoring the human manifestation of the Divinity, it followed that devoted attention must be paid to everything surrounding it, and therefore he has elaborated every detail to the utmost; and, while preserving the whole in due subordination part to part, has yet enabled us to inspect the texture of every robe, and see the reflexions of the light in every jewel.

The spectator is surprised to observe that the dresses and accessories of this picture are by no means those ordinarily found in Scriptural subjects. Along with the conventionalities of expression and design, Mr. Hunt has discarded those of costume and architecture. Consequently, instead of the loose woollen draperies, like blankets, so ordinarily appropriated to this period of Jewish history, we have various and brilliant fabrics of oriental character, much like those used at this day in the East; and in place of classic architecture of no particular date, the background has been designed by the artist himself, in a style which competent authorities assert to be in strict keeping with the constructional ideas then adopted, as well as those injunctions of the Law in pursuance of which the second Temple was built.

The figure of Christ is thus described:

Christ is no smooth-faced boy—a valetudinarian or feminine-featured child—half babe, half woman, in aspect—but a robust youth, of splendid physique, and exactly what the poet meant when he called him the ideal of a gentleman. . . . . We heartily assent to Mr. Hunt's reading of the theme in not rendering Christ's face as an ideal study of passive holiness or intellectual power, but in the physical aspect of the personage he really was. Nobly beautiful, to express the glory of his origin and greatness of his task—also strong and robust to be able to do it,—as he did. The whole of his life from this very incident, when he left his parents and was unattended at so early an age, to the very last, indicates the possession of a physique of the very highest and finest order—that he was a man in every sense of the word.

The Virgin is represented as a thoroughly Jewish woman; her countenance is said to be 'exquisitely beautiful,' and her expression 'marvellously tender.' Joseph, instead of being an old man, is represented as 'in the prime of mature age.'

The Rabbis are grouped together, and 'a boy, whose gorgeous raiment of cloth of gold shines like a jewel above the splendid color throughout the picture, sits armed with a whisk, to guard the sacred rolls of the law from defilement of the flies—the incarnation of Beelzebub.'

Mr. Hunt has sold his picture for about $25,000 retaining the copyright for engravings.

— A portrait of Thomas Althorpe Cooper, the great tragedian, by Jarvis, is now at the *Home Journal* office, for sale.

— Mr. Schaus has just published a highly finished portrait of the Prince of Wales, lithographed by L. Grozelier, from a painting by G. Richmond.

— Some of Turner's early works have recently been discovered, executed when the celebrated painter was about eighteen years old, including a portrait of himself, painted in 1792. It is described as a simple, boyish, indeed almost girlish, countenance; long luxuriant locks hang thick upon the shoulders, the nostrils and mouth are delicate in form, yet there is not a feature which bears the mark or promise of genius. Mr. Ruskin has become the possessor of this portrait, as well as of an elementary sketch-book, containing some fifteen thousand pencil-jottings and outlines.

— The forthcoming exhibition of the Royal Academy of London will contain contributions from most of the distinguished living English painters. The subject of Millais's picture is the 'Parting of one of the Black Brunswicker's with his Mistress on the Eve of the Battle of Waterloo,' and it is described as combining all the early care of the artist with more of his recent boldness.

— A picture by Allston, never before exhibited to the public, entitled 'St. Peter Delivered from Prison,' is now on exhibition in Boston. An effort is being made to collect a few of Allston's best pictures, and have them exhibited in this city.

— Leutze is about to paint the landing of the Catholic pilgrims in Maryland, under Lord Baltimore. Several ladies, well known in society here, have consented to sit for their portraits, to be used in this work.

— Mr. Thomas Ball, the sculptor, is engaged on a statue called 'The Minute-Man,' to be erected on the battle-field of Lexington.

— Mr. W. W. Story, the sculptor, is making a bust of Theodore Parker.

— The Art Union of London offers a premium of 70 guineas for a group of statuette from English history; 30 guineas to the second best model; also a premium of 100 guineas for a series of designs in outline to the 'Idyls of the Kings,' and insists, for these designs, on simplicity of composition and expression, severe beauty of form, and pure correct drawing.

— The *Transcript* reports the following sale of pictures in Boston, last week:

White Mountains in Winter, by B. Champney, $105. Sunset at Sea, by F. H. Lane, $67. Winter Scene in Vermont, by W. N. Bartholomew, $65. Winter Scene near Malden Centre, by J. Morviller, $70. Portrait of Rufus Choate, by W. Willard, $147. Pulpit Rock, Nahant, by S. P. Hodgdon, $56. White Mountains from Shelburne, N. H., by F. D. Williams, $38. Autumn Afternoon, by A. T. Bricher, $30. Southeast Pass of the Alleghanies, by H. Kurtz, $35. Mount Kearsarge, by A. Ordway, $29. White Mountains from Dalton, by J. Wolcot, $15. The Ledges, from North Conway, by H. Freeman, $10. Off Schooner Head, Mt. Desert, by S. W. Griggs, $16. Landscapes, by H. P. Hunt, $17.

— A Paris correspondent says: "The sale of the pictures late in the collection Pierard has commenced, and the prices obtained have been very high. Fifty-two sold in the first day brought 200,000f., or £8000. 'A Village Inn,' by Teniers, jun., fetched 14,000f.; 'A Dismounted Cuirassier,' by Karel du Jardin, 17,000f.; a Violin-Player, by Ostade, 25,000f.; 'The Halt of Cavaliers,' by Wouvermans, 25,700f.; a picture of Still Life, by J. Weenix, 5,000f.; a Landscape with Animals, by B. P. Ommeganck, 8200f; an Interior, by Van Mieres, 6500f.; a Landscape, by Albert Cuyp, 7,000f.; and 'The Toilette,' by Gerard Terburk, 5,300f."

— Messrs. R. Griffin & Co. London, have nearly ready a new edition of Mr. Henry Noel Humphrey's excellent manual of national numismatology, 'The Coinage of the British Empire: an outline of the progress of the coinage in Great Britain and her dependencies from the earliest period to the present time.'

— Charles Robert Leslie, the artist, is writing his "Autobiographical Recollections," with extracts from his correspondence. Mr. Tom Taylor will write a prefatory memoir for the work.

— M. Granier de Cassagnac, the well-known Imperialist writer, has published a 'History of the Girondins and of the Massacres of September,' as an antidote to (what he considers) the historical poison of Lamartine.

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These watches have now been in market for nearly ten years, during which time they have been tested as to accuracy, durability, and reliability, in every conceivable manner, and have proved themselves to be the most satisfactory timepieces ever offered to the public.

N. B. We have just introduced a *new style* of Watch, elaborately finished, and thinner than any we have hitherto produced, with several improvements calculated to insure the greatest accuracy of performance, and to prevent the usual accidents and derangements to which foreign watches are liable.

"The country has reason to be proud of this splendid specimen of American operative genius and enterprise. That it will work a revolution in the watch manufacturing of the world no one can doubt."—*N. Y. Times.*

"Within the last few months we have carried one of the time-keepers made by the 'American Watch Company,' a plain, substantial piece of mechanism, that runs with a certainty, that keeps pace with the sun. We have at last found a watch that we can *rely* upon; in short, it is one of the best timepieces ever made."—*Spirit of the Times*

"From personal experience and information of others we are convinced that these watches have proved themselves to be the most uniformly economical and reliable of timekeepers."—*Christian Intelligencer.*

"Our impression is, that this marked innovation of Yankee ingenuity upon the cheap labor of Geneva, and other parts of Europe, will eventually result in the entire destruction of their export trade."—*Scientific American*

"Mr. Patock, the Genevan watchmaker, recently paid a high compliment to the American Watch Company, by saying that their systematizing and inventing would soon overcome the difference in the price of labor, and American watch-making would prove a success in every respect."—*Foreign Correspondence of the N. Y. Times.*

"The American Time Watch.—As an ordinary timekeeper it is perfect. I have tried it for timing races, with imported watches, and find it inferior to none. When it is generally known that my watch cost but $50, and that similar work, put in an elegant gold double case can be purchased for $100, the demand for them will be very great."—*N. Y. Spirit of the Times.*

"The difference between the imported and the American watch is that the former owes its success to faith, and the latter to good works."—*N. Y. Saturday Press.*

Office of the *Tribune*,
New York, Oct. 27, 1859.

American Watch Company, Waltham.

Gentlemen:—Having carried one of your watches for the last eighteen months, I can say confidently that they will do, and may be bought with assurance that they will keep time. I believe the watch unsurpassed. Horace Greeley.

The following is from Mr. Porter, the well known Marine Chronometer and Watch Maker

Boston, April 20, 1860.

Mr. R. E. Robbins, Treasurer, etc.

Dear Sir: Since my note to you of September, 1859, I have sold a number of your Company's watches, and hear good reports from them without exception. They give me no trouble, and my customers every satisfaction. Recently a shipmaster to whom I sold one last year, called to say, that his Chronometer having broken down at sea, he navigated his vessel safely home by his Waltham watch.

Yours truly,
Geo. E. Porter.

Boston, April, 1860.

Sir—Your watches give better satisfaction than any English watches we sell. Their correct performance, reliability, and moderate price, have caused an increased demand.

Very respectfully yours, Cranmer & Tuft.

Boston, Sept. 27, 1859.

Dear Sir—It gives me great pleasure to report the following remarkable performance of the watch purchased of you. From Feb. 19, 1859, to this time, it has remained at from seven to nine seconds fast.

Yours truly,
James H. Clapp,
Firm of Clapp, Fuller & Brown, Bankers, Boston.

CAUTION—As our watch is now extensively counterfeited by foreign manufacturers, we have to inform the public that no watch is of our production which is unaccompanied by a certificate of genuiness, bearing the number of the watch, and signed by our Treasurer, R. E. Robbins, or by our predecessors, App

[From the London Leader.]

POPULATION AND DIETETICS.

It is not long since a distinguished party of French philosophers enjoyed a repast entirely composed of equine materials. The soup, the bouilli, the rôti, the cutlets, the fricassee, and a host of other dishes, were all horse—it was, in fact, a regular horse feed; and although the world in general was inclined to treat it with a horse laugh, the men of science were animated by a fit of gastronomic benevolence, and sought to break through a prejudice which appeared to them undesirable with a crowded population and a high price of food. M. l'Abbé Le Noir has taken up the subject of popular alimentation, and boldly bids Europe learn the lessons and consult the experience of the Chinese. The worthy abbé considers that our dietetic prejudices are simply the result of the fertility of our soil and the comparative sparsity of our population; and if no great catastrophe like the barbaric invasions and the overthrow of the Roman empire should again reduce our numbers, he anticipates the time when necessity will conquer daintiness, and we must be content to waste nothing, but eat everything that is digestible, excepting, we suppose, our civilized selves. French officers have brought from China and Cochin China specimens of all kinds of comestibles unknown to or unused in Europe, and they stand in the bottles and cases of the Conservatoire suggesting gustative experiments to all families and cooks. M. Le Noir remarks that while the flesh of the dog is thought in Europe to be one of the worst kinds of food, in China it enjoys an excellent reputation, and is regularly exhibited for sale in the butchers' shops. Nay more, Chinese farmers breed a variety of dog with a special view to its culinary distinction. It is an animal easy to fatten, like a Berkshire pig, and is known as the meat dog (chien de boucherie). It resembles a wolf-dog, but the tongue and interior of the mouth are black. A dog of this kind is at present one of the inhabitants of Paris. The commissariat officers bought a lot of fatted beasts in Cochin China, and among them was this creature, of whom the sailors made a pet instead of a dinner, and so his life was spared. 'Some of our restaurants,' says the abbé, 'are accused of serving up cat for rabbit, but the Chinese have no need for this mystery, and their provision shops are decorated by enormous cats, suspended either by the head or the tail! Like their domestic companions the dogs, cats belong to the agricultural system of the Celestial Empire, and at every farm we find these animals attached to small chains, and put up to fatten with refuse rice.' After dogs and cats the mind naturally turns to rats; and these, instead of being, as in England, simply a nuisance on a farm, are objects of solicitude and affectionate care. The Chinese farmer can not only show his Cockney friends his piggery, but also his doggery, his cattery, and even his rattery. In the corners of walls he places bottles in which the rats make their nests, and in due season he goes to the rattery for a supply of young rats, just in the same manner, says the abbé, as we go to our dovecotes to get pigeons for a pie! Not only do the Chinese take the frog into their pantries, but they eat all of him, not confining themselves to the hind legs; and even that more repulsive batrachian the toad is not allowed to escape the omnivorous maw; 'not a single crapaud is lost in China,' exclaims the abbé, in economic enthusiasm. The cookery by which these various members of the animal kingdom are rendered fit for table, is highly praised. The 'Chinese are the best roasters in the world;' they adopt the old English plan before bottle jacks were invented, and make a twisted thread of worsted turn their delicacy until it is nicely done. Then, whatever the material, it is chopped into small pieces, flavored with a national sauce, called sania, and served up with rice, no one being able to make out what the dish is composed of.

In Europe we waste a good many sorts of shell fish—not so the Chinese: they eat all, even the large fresh water mussels (anodanta), which are to be found in the mud of English ponds. A monster snail (voluto melo) is a favorite article, and the abbé is glad to tell us that Paris is making progress, and that already snails can be bought of any marchand de comestibles. The Insect tribes are not forgotten by the celestial foragers; exquisite dishes are composed of spiders, and superfluous silkworms are conducted to the pot. Grubs and caterpillars are popular delicacies, and when the silk is wound off the cocoons, the chrysalis is taken out and formed into a nourishing food. Zoophytes contribute their quota to the national commissariat, and a large sea cucumber (holothuria) appears in a variety of ways. Sea-weeds are also laid under contribution; the so-called Chinese grass is said to be the gelidium corneum, and to be capable of yielding the substance recently know in London as Japanese isinglass.

M. Payen has examined the celebrated bird's nests, and finds that the Salangane swallow produces a mucous secretion which gives them their peculiar quality, and which he names cubilose. In China a plate of bird's nest soup costs 12 francs, and in Paris a similar quantity has been sold for 120 francs! So valuable is this article that a rich Chinaman who had been ruined repaired his shattered fortunes by the discovery of a Salangane cavern, out of which he made 100,000 francs!

To recur to the primary question—what shall we eat? we cannot fancy that horses, dogs, or cats, could be fattened for less money than sheep, and we fear that after any experiments of this nature we should, to use a French phrase, 'return to our muttons' as more valued friends. The income-tax, together with our army and navy administration, may, however, drive us to rats, and the Prince Consort may, before long, win a prize for choice specimens fattened at the Flemish Farm. Our reptile world is, we fear, not numerous enough to do us much service, but perhaps the Statistical Society will take a census of the frogs, and tell us for how many minutes they would feed the population of the metropolis. The young ladies who go anemone hunting might lunch upon them afterwards; and Mr. Gosse's 'Devonshire Coast' gives instructions how to proceed. The insect world does not promise much; the courtiers of Montezuma might devour creatures that we should not like to name, but we cannot fancy we should get much work out of a population so lightly fed, and it would be difficult to persuade our 'navvies' to accept a roast bluebottle as a substitute for a rump steak.

Our chemists might aid us by discovering a substitute for the albumen which is largely used in manufactures, and which had better be employed in feeding our people, and improved arrangements might be made for the capture of sea fish and its distribution in rural localities, but we doubt whether, either in England or France, any very large quantity of alimentary matter is wasted that it would be profitable to preserve and prepare. All the gelatinous articles of diet may be dismissed as of little or no value, and it will be found that the work of civilization can only be carried on upon concentrated and highly nourishing food. We should hope for better results by imitating the Chinese care to utilize every particle of substance capable of acting as manure, than from copying their omnivorous habits. We do not despair concerning the 'aliamentation' of the future, but at the same time fully admit that providing a greater abundance of cheap food is absolutely necessary if the general condition of the people is to be improved. Even the highest rates of wages are low in comparison with the simple cost of maintaining a family, and without new and extensive sources of supply we cannot anticipate that provisions will fall much below their present high rates. As the wages feud increases, the number of persons able to compete for the purchase of food increases also, and throughout Europe there is still a strong tendency towards a general rise in the rate of living. Notwithstanding that Russia has a much larger population than England, M. Kokoreff tells us ten times as many beasts are slaughtered in the latter than in the former. The difference is caused by the greater industrial development of our country; but Russia has already commenced the march of progress, and the emancipation of the serfs will soon lead to a much greater consumption of superior food. The average dietary of the French peasant is undoubtedly higher than it was before the Revolution, and all over Germany the acquisition of political liberty, and the consequent impulse to industrial life, will have a similar effect. The food question is one which must assume a political aspect. People will not be contented merely to exist—they will demand to live, and, in the course of time, any Government will be overthrown that levies an amount of taxation which compels the mass of the people to forego a share of the comforts and luxuries which the richer classes enjoy.

A HUSBAND'S LIABILITIES FOR THE SUPPORT OF HIS WIFE.

To the Editor of the New York Tribune:

SIR.—In a log-cabin, in Central Minnesota, where I am now travelling on a lecturing tour, I find the *Semi-Weekly Tribune* of the 6th inst., containing this item:

"On the 27th ult., John M. Roberts, a jeweller, of Pittsburgh, Pa., brought suit in the District Court of that city, against James Swisshelm of Swissvale, for a gold watch, seal, and key, valued at $130, furnished by said Roberts to Jane G. Swisshelm, wife of said James. After a statement by plaintiff's counsel, and examination of witnesses, the counsel for Mr. Swisshelm referred to various authorities, and asked the Court to charge, first, that plaintiff cannot recover unless he prove the goods sold and delivered were necessaries, and that defendant's wife had separated from him for good cause; second, that the contract of the wife can only bind the husband for necessaries in case he neglects or refuses to furnish her with such necessaries; third, if the wife voluntarily deserted and abandoned the husband, and persists therein, without good cause, the defendant is not liable for debts, for necessaries or otherwise; fourth, the defendant is not liable for the debts of the wife for any purpose, unless his assent appears by express evidence, or by proof of facts and circumstances from which it may reasonably be inferred. The Jury found for the defendant. The verdict goes to show that if a woman voluntarily separates from her husband, and leaves his house, he is not responsible for her debts, even though they be incurred for the common necessaries of life."

The domestic difficulties which twenty years ago left me without other hope in life than that of being able to serve my fellow-man, or rather my sister-woman, I have ever esteemed as private property. During all the many years in which I hung upon the cross of an incongruous marriage, I have only asked of our Father that out of my great agony might come something of good to the race. I have sought no public sympathy, but rather repelled it, choosing to appear in the wrong, by publicly exhibiting that bitterness of spirit born of private sorrow. So far as I know, this is the first time this matter has been brought before the public in any definite form. Silence on my part now would be treason to truth and the cause of human Freedom, with which my name is linked. I therefore ask, as an act of justice, that you insert in your columns an explanation of the statement which has already appeared there, premising that I shall say only so much as is necessary to that explanation, and what I am prepared to prove in any court of justice.

When the property inherited from my parents had so far melted away that I had not sufficient income to supply me with the common necessaries of life, and when my health was so broken that I was no longer able to support myself by sewing or trading, I notified Mr. Swisshelm that if I remained with him I should require him to support me. To this he replied that if I attempted anything of the kind he would convey all his property to his mother, and would like to see where the support would come from. This passed through the medium of a third party, and afterward he stated to another person that I could earn a good living if I had a mind, for the *New York Tribune* paid me for letters; but in this he was mistaken, for mind and body were so prostrated that I was no longer able to write anything of sufficient interest to insure publication. He had employed able counsel. I did the same, to test this question of my right to a support. By the advice of my lawyer, I purchased articles of necessity and comfort, such as blankets, table-linen, and domestic muslin for our house, and plain clothing for myself and child. He paid these bills, but, as he had always done before, notified the merchants not to credit me on his account.

Finding myself physically unequal to a contest of this kind, and believing that, apart from the question of support, I had legal grounds for divorce and alimony, I proposed that he should settle a support on our child, and let me go peaceably to my sister; or that, for sake of our child, he would give her and me a separate room in his house, when I should support myself and educate her. He would agree to nothing, and having pledged myself to compel him to support me, I purchased more clothing, and the watch named in this article, following strictly the advice of my lawyer. From our station in society and my habits of life, he pronounced it an article of use and necessity. I had long carried one bought on my own personal credit, but being unable to pay for it, had returned it to the owner. Yet I should not have purchased this one except as an offset to about $200 worth of my separate personal property which he had in possession, in such way that my lawyer could devise no way by which I could recover it. About this time I concluded that there must be some important change in our relations, or I must effect a separation in order to preserve my life, for my strength had so given way that I was confined to my bed a greater part of the time. Yet, in order to get possession of my books, plate, china, pictures, bedding, clothing, &c., I was obliged to carry them myself off his premises, as the law did not permit me to bring a porter into the house. It was necessary I should get possession of them, in order to throw on him the proof of ownership, because I had bought them without taking bills of sale in the name of my trustee. For my piano and some other heavy articles of furniture, in the purchase of which I had taken this precaution, I sued out a writ of replevin, when he volunteered to resign them, gave up the piano and bookcases, I withdrew the suit, and he retained all the other articles named in the replevin. Knowing that I had not time to bring another suit before navigation would close, and my escape to Minnesota be thus cut off. So that my parlor furniture stands now, so far as I can learn, in Mr. Swisshelm's parlors in Swissvale, while my home is furnished with rough benches covered with hay cushions. My buggy and harness, I presume, are still in his carriage-house, while I ride for health or pleasure in a lumber wagon. I was twenty years Mr. Swisshelm's wife, and during all that time he compelled me to support myself. In the Summer of 1843, he collected all the income I then had from the unsettled estate left by my mother, and applied it to his own personal use, while I walked four miles a-day to teach a district school, at $12 per month, as my only means of getting clothes for myself, and articles of use and comfort in the house. Col. Wm. G. Hawkins of Braddocks Field, father of the inventor of Hawkins' steam plow, was one of the trustees who paid me that sum, and knows the labor I performed to earn it. During half that school term, I did the greater part of the housework, all the sewing in Mr. Swisshelm's house; and with $2 50 of the money thus earned, bought material and made a bonnet which I wore seven Winters without altering. I permitted people to think I did so from eccentricity, when the facts were, that the demands of the family upon my purse, were so pressing I could not afford another. This is a fair specimen of the pecuniary régime under which twenty years of my life were spent.

I make these statements that it may be distinctly understood the modern agitation on 'Woman's Rights' is not responsible for Mr. Swisshelm's difficulties. I was the first agitator, and it was the courage of despair which led me to turn and attack the laws under which I suffered, in the hope that I might smooth, to other feet, the path which to mine had been so thorny.

As for this suit of Mr. Roberts, I only know of it what I have learned from this *Tribune* item. When I last heard from him he wrote that Mr. Swisshelm had informed him I was coming back soon, and any action would be unnecessary. The evidence of 'good cause' which I then volunteered to furnish, he has not called for; I cannot think why, unless his counsel thought that view of the case could not come up, as the debt was contracted prior to the separation. This report leaves the impression that I have tried to make Mr. Swisshelm responsible for my support after I left him. This is a mistake. Since I succeeded in escaping from his custody I have asked nothing of him but exception from his presence. It does not appear possible that this decision, and one rendered prior to it, could have been affected by my having opposed the election of the Judge who gave it; and the only possible interpretation is that there is no process in our laws by which a wife can enforce her claim of support. It establishes beyond question, so far as that Court is concerned, that while a woman, by marriage, resigns all claim to the proceeds of her own industry, and the custody of the children she may bear, she acquires no valid claim on her husband for even the common necessaries of life. She becomes a servant for life without the power to collect wages, while her husband acquires that right in her stead, and when collected, may make such use of them as he sees proper; may provide for her, or may not, just as he pleases, for Mr. Swisshelm has in that same Court nonsuited a claimant for necessary clothing furnished me months prior to the purchase of the watch, and this was bought before I left him for Minnesota. Then the whole amount of the bills is not a tithe of the property left by my parents, which he now has in his possession. I had hoped that after twenty years of work without wages the law would have allowed me some clothes, and that by voluntarily resigning the claim which I fancied it gave me on his estate, and putting myself legally in the wrong by leaving without explanation, I might avoid publicity, and win tranquillity for the evening of life; but I was mistaken. Everywhere this spectre pursues me. The wilderness to which I fled brings no freedom. The necessity of earning a living for myself and child induced me to take charge of the St. Cloud paper. The belief that my position, as a runaway wife, made me vulnerable to attacks on my reputation as a woman; and the knowledge of my poverty and dependence caused the attempt of wealthy politicians to purchase, and convert me into a tool of oppression. The pride born of poverty lent that bitterness to my resentment, which involved me in a desperate public quarrel, and led to the destruction of my office. Now that that is settled, comes this long-dreaded public exposure. My God and Father, is there no end, no rest this side the grave? But, "Thy will be done on earth, even as it is done in heaven?" JANE G. SWISSHELM.

Monticello, Min., March 19, 1860.

[From the London Athenæum.]

SALE OF FINE ENGRAVINGS.

The small but brilliant collection of engravings made by the late Mr. Johnson, of Oxford, containing specimens of the highest class in their respective divisions, in point of rarity, beauty, and condition, has been dispersed by Messrs. Sotheby & Wilkinson, at unprecedented prices. The following are worthy of notice:—Proof of the 2 vols. of the Liber Veritatis, £27.—Man Riding on an Ass, called 'La Perle,' by Berghem, in the first state, £33.—Canaletti's Etchings, with the original sketch for the frontispiece, £35.—Descent from the Cross, after Rubens, by Claessens, a first proof, £25.—La Vierge aux Rochers, after L. Da Vinci, by Desnoyers, £29.—La Vierge au Linge, after Raffaelle, by the same, proof before the drapery, £25.—Adam and Eve, by Albert Dürer, £46.—St. Hubert, a brilliant impression, by the same, £42.—The Madona della Segiola, after Raffaelle, by Garavaglia, proof before any letters, £20.—The Ecce Homo, by Lucas van Leyden, slightly restored, £20.—The Marriage of the Virgin, after Raffaelle, by Longhi, a brilliant proof before any letters, £74.—The Reading Magdalen, proof, after Correggio, by the same, £21.—The Last Supper, after L. Da Vinci, by Morghen, a splendid proof before any letters, and with the white plate (of which it is said only six impressions exist in this state), £316.—The Transfiguration, after Raffaelle, by the same, proof, £24.—The Aurora, after Guido, by the same, a brilliant proof, £60.—The Penitent Magdalen, after Murillo, proof before any letters, £35.—Parce Somnum Rumpere, after Titian, by the same, proof before letters, £26.—Portrait of Raffaelle, proof before letters, £17 10s.—St. John, after Domenichino, by F. Muller, a fine proof, £38.—Madonna di S. Sisto, after Raffaelle, by the same, a most brilliant proof before any letters, £120.—The Five Saints, after Raffaelle, by Marc Antonio, £66—The Parnassus, by the same, £35.—St. Paul preaching at Athens, by the same, £36.—The Judgment of Paris, by the same, said to be one of the finest impressions known, £320.—The Massacre of the Innocents, by the same, with the 'Chicot,' £61.—The Original Sketch in Pen, for the same, by Raffaelle, £190.—The Three Trees, by Rembrandt, £57.—Old Haaring, very fine, £107.—The Hundred Guilder, a splendid impression on India paper, with margin, £160. The Barn, a brilliant impression, £30.—The Assumption of the Virgin, after Titian, by Schiavone, first state, before any letters, £20.—The Death of the Virgin, by M. Schongauer, £60.—Charles the First in his Robes, after Vandyck, by Strange, proof before any letters, with all its margin, £52.—Charles the First with the Horse, by the same, proof before any letters, £37.—Henrietta Maria and her Children, by the same, proof before any letters, £22.—Cleopatra, after Guido, by the same, proof before any letters, £19 10s.—The Correggio Frescoes, by Toschi, artist's proof, with the remarks, £80.—The Rat-Catcher, by Visscher, proof before any letters, £18.—Battle at La Hogue, after West, by Woollett, a proof before letters, £18.—Roman Edifices, after Claude, by the same, proof before letters, £16.—The Fishery, by the same, proof, £20 10s.—The Niobe, after Wilson, by the same, a brilliant proof, £70.—The day's sale produced £3,359 1s. 6d.

—At a late sale of pictures in Glasgow, a further instance of the high prices now obtained for modern works of Art is to be remarked. Mr. Faed's 'Sunday in the Backwoods' brought £1,310. The same artist's 'Lady of Shalott,' £120 15s. Maclise's 'Sleeping Beauty,' £900. W. Linnell's 'Leith Hill, Surrey,' £560. 'Eastward ho!' and 'Home again,' by H. O'Neil, together brought £1,857 8s. Sir E. Landseer's 'Uncle Tom and Wife for sale,' £800 10s. 'Interior of the Duomo, Milan,' by David Roberts, £1,610. 'Covenanters Preaching,' by G. Harvey, £320. Stanfield's 'Port na Spania,' £1,300.

CHARLES LAMB.

Any new glimpse of Charles Lamb is always pleasant. A true-hearted admirer of his, Dr. J. W. Alexander, thus describes a pilgrimage to the India House in August, 1851, in his 'Forty Years' Correspondence,' just publishing by C. Scribner: "I inquired of the doorkeeper about Charles Lamb. He said, 'I have been here since I was sixteen years old, but I never heard of any Mr. Lamb.' The doorkeeper of the Museum remembered him well. 'O, yes, sir; he was a very little man, with such small legs, and wore knee-breeches.' He directed me to a private stair which would take me down to the Accountant's Office. I went into a place below like a bank, and was shown to a principal person, Mr. W. It was the room in which Lamb wrote for many years. Mr. W. showed me his window and where his desk was. I looked out at the high blank wall, not five feet beyond, and understood Lamb's 'India House.' Mr. W. showed me a quarto volume of 'Interest Tables,' with remarks like these, in Lamb's fine round hand on the fly-leaf: 'A book of much interest.—*Ed. Review.*' 'A work in which the interest never flags.—*Quar. Review.*' 'We may say of this volume that the interest increases from beginning to end.—*Monthly Review.*' Mr. W. knew Lamb well. 'He was a small man—smaller than you—and always wore shorts and black gaiters.'" Poor Elia! what would he have said if he had known that the memory of his 'continuations' alone survived to distinguish him from his fellows? But in the process of the ages the very India House itself is now shortly to be sold, and will probably be replaced by a railroad station. In the general clearance of the Company, it is said £5,000 has been realised by the sale, at so much per ton, to the paper mills of the duplicate archives alone, so circumlocutory were all the processes of business in this princely corporation. In this mass doubtlessly was included what Lamb emphatically called his 'true works.'—*Tribune.*

MOTS FROM 'MOMUS.'

To Persons about to Portier.

Drunken poets should confine their compositions to cup-lets.

Balm for Hurt Heads.

The collection now going on for the benefit of Heenan, would seem as if his friends expected to heal the bruises on his head by shin-plasters.

Best Certificate of Character.

A certificate of deposit.

Something to A-maze.

Love is a labyrinth in which every man is Miss-led.

Heavy Charge.

Our Cockney contributor suggests that some of our poets ought to be ashamed of themselves. They write apparently only for the purpose of Making Bad Verse.

Bitter-Sweets.

Sweet are the uses of adversity—especially in the case of lawyers, who thrive in proportion to the number and variety of their trials.

Managerial Sagacity.

It has been suggested that the management of the Winter Garden Opera Troupe based their expectations of success in the production of Rossini's 'Mose in Egitto,' on the supposition that Moses would be sure of being attended with a run (Aaron).

Pleasant to Take.

Patti and a fresh rôle (roll).

A Malignant Man.

A hater of Ethiopian melodies is desirous of hearing the Lay of the Last Minstrel.

Cute and Cutaneous.

The *Observer* very justly remarks, in a recent editorial article, that the Governors of Bellevue Hospital 'ought to have their hides tanned.' *Momus* ventures to suggest that the best treatment for the operation would be a rat-tan.

The Statue of Justice

On the cupola of the City Hall turns out after all to be only a statue of Wood!

Question and Answer.

Why must the Albany Legislators have been converted to Judaism?

Because they believe in the 'Law and the profits.'

Measures, not Men.

During Wood's absence, all Mayoralty measures have only been 'Peck'-measures.

More about Justice.

We are told that the figure of Justice at the top of the cupola of the City Hall, has been placed there in order that she might be the more thoroughly kept out of Court.

Pugilistic Paradox.

A Prize Fighter spoils most when he is not mill-doing.

The Muscle-man's Koran.

Rules of the P. R.

A Yarn.

The report that Heenan was worsted in the late fight.

A Disorderly House.

The Church of the Puritans. The attention of the police is requested.

MISCELLANEOUS.

CHICKERING & SONS,

MANUFACTURERS OF

GRAND, SQUARE, AND UPRIGHT PIANOFORTES,

Since 1823.

No. 694 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Since the period in which *JONAS CHICKERING* established this house 21,500 Pianos have been constructed and finished under his supervision and that of his sons, for the superiority of which

Thirty-Eight Prize Medals

have been awarded them at exhibitions in the United States, being the highest premiums over all competition.

They also received the

Prize Medal

at the World's Fair in London in 1851.

The names of Thalberg, Benedict, and D. Black, need only be referred to, to show of what class the judges upon this occasion were composed.

The attention of the public is specially requested to the new Scales Plain and Overstrung

GRAND & SQUARE PIANOFORTES,

which, for Quality, Strength, and Purity of Tone, Delicacy of Action, and general Style of Finish, are unsurpassed by any Pianos now offered to the public. This fact has been attested to by the leading artists of this country and of Europe.

My Dear Sir:

I can only repeat that which has been said so often by others as well as myself—that I consider the Chickering & Sons' Pianos far beyond comparison the best I have ever seen in America.

S. THALBERG.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 10, 1859.

Messrs. Chickering & Sons:

Gentlemen:—I wish to thank you for the use of your Pianofortes, which you have so kindly furnished me for my four Concerts in this city, and to say in this connection that the opinion which I expressed three years ago has been more than confirmed to me by the continued use of them, viz: that for volume and pure quality of tone, with nicety of articulation, they are unequaled. Truly, the reputation of the Chickering Pianos is well deserved. I remain yours, very truly, GUSTAV SATTER.

LAFARGE HOTEL, NEW YORK, May 10, 1859.

Messrs. Chickering & Sons:

Gentlemen:—During the tour of Mlle Maria Piccolomini in the United States, I have necessarily used the various Pianofortes of manufacturers, and therefore believe myself capable of judging of their various merits. I most unhesitatingly give the preference to your Pianofortes for their quality of tone, delicacy of touch, and uniform excellence. E. MUZIO,

Conductor at her Majesty's Theatre, in London, and at the Academy of Music, in New York.

BALTIMORE, Feb. 3, 1859.

My Dear Sir:

Allow me to thank you for the use of the splendid Grand Pianos which I have had at Ullman's Concerts in this city. I think that it is needless to repeat what the whole world knows, viz: that Chickering & Sons' Pianos are unequaled in any respect, and stand preëminent in this country. Nevertheless, if my words can have any weight in this matter, I am very happy to add my testimonial to those of my predecessors. I remain yours truly,

GUSTAV SATTER.

It would be needless to multiply testimonials. It may, however, be satisfactory to our patrons and friends among the public at large, to state that testimonials have been received from all the leading artists of the United States, to the full as determinate and explicit as those above presented. A list of the principal names is here appended:

GOTTSCHALK,	J. N. PYCHOWSKI,
LEOPOLD DE MEYER,	J. BENEDICT,
ALFRED JAELL,	M. STRAKOSCH,
WM. SCHARFENBERG,	JULLIEN,
R. HOFFMAN,	ARTHUR NAPOLEON.
J. BURKE,	B. GOLDBECK,

MME. LOUISE AREL,

And many others.

THE OVAL PIANOFORTES,

THE MOST GRACEFUL IN FORM, AND THE

Best-Toned Horizontal Piano in the World.

THE DRIGGS PIANO COMPANY,

By greatly extending their facilities of manufacture and improvements in their machinery, are prepared to receive advance orders for these *GRACEFUL AND ELEGANT INSTRUMENTS.*

The demand has heretofore been far beyond our ability to supply, and, for most of the time during the last year, we have not had an instrument of this peculiar style to exhibit.

This is the original shape of

The Driggs' Patent, or Violin Piano,

and it closely approximates, not only in the principles of its construction, but in its shape, to the Violin—"*the most perfect, because the most responsive instrument, in the world.*"

The case is a vibratory shell, free from all strain of the strings, and the oval shape retains more perfectly the vibratory circles, sustaining the tones with wonderful purity, and making the instrument more responsive and perfect.

Warerooms, 543 Broadway, between Spring and Prince.

S. B. DRIGGS,
Inventor and Patentee.

LOUIS GRAUMANN,

APOTHECARY AND CHEMIST,

696 Broadway.

(N. E. CORNER OF FOURTH STREET.)

INSURANCE.

THE FIREMEN'S Fund Insurance Company

OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

Cash Capital, $150,000.

OFFICE, 110 BROADWAY,

METROPOLITAN BANK BUILDING.

ORGANIZED ON THE PLAN OF PAYING ONE-HALF OF THE PROFITS ABOVE SEVEN PER CENT TO THE WIDOWS' AND ORPHANS' FUND OF THE NEW YORK FIRE DEPARTMENT.

This Company insures Property of all kinds against Loss or Damage by Fire, on as reasonable terms as similar institutions.

NATHAN B. GRAHAM, President.

HENRY BECKMAN, Secretary.
ROBT. H. McMILLAN, Ass't Sec'y.
WM. TRAVIS, Surveyor.

THE Manhattan Fire Insurance Co.,

(INCORPORATED, 1831.)

Office No. 68 Wall Street.

CAPITAL, $250,000.

Insures Buildings, Merchandise, Furniture, Vessels in Port and their Cargoes, and other property, against Loss or Damage by Fire.

DIRECTORS:

W. P. Palmer,	Thos. W. Pearsall,
Rufus L. Lord,	Henry Elsworth,
William F. Mott,	Augustus H. Ward,
Edwin D. Morgan,	James Colles,
William W. Fox,	Sydney Mason,
Richard Tighe,	L. S. Suarez,
Peter Cooper,	John Caswell,
Thomas Barron,	John Steward,
Robt. B. Minturn,	John C. Green,
Moses Taylor,	Eben. B. Crocker.

WILLIAM PITT PALMER, *President.*

ANDREW J. SMITH, *Secretary.*

THE HARMONY Fire and Marine Insurance Company

Having removed to

50 Wall Street,

Continue the business of Insurance as heretofore, on the most liberal terms.

Wm. CALLENDER, President.

R. O. GLOVER, Secretary.

The Gebhard Fire Insurance Company,

OFFICES:

19 NASSAU STREET, AND

BULLS-HEAD BANK BUILDING,

Corner East 25th street and 3d avenue.

CASH CAPITAL - - - $200,000

DIRECTORS.

William D. Waddington, President.	
Frederick Schuchardt,	Jaques Guedlin,
Adrian Iselin,	J. P. Giraud Foster,
Edward Jones,	Edward Cooper,
Robert Lenox Kennedy,	E. Von der Heydt,
Edward Burckhardt,	S. M. Beckley,
James W. Beekman,	James S. Wadsworth,
N. W. Stuyvesant,	Cornelius Du Bois,
Charles De Rham,	William Schall,
A. McL. Agnew,	George Griswold, Jr.,
William Bloodgood,	Martin Zabriskie,
William F. Cary, Jr.,	Franklin H. Delano,
George A. Robbins,	Hamilton Blydenburgh,
Samuel L. Mitchill, Jr.,	Josiah H. Burton,
David Jones,	R. L. Schieffelin.

WILLIAM D. WADDINGTON, President.

JOHN R. SMITH, Secretary.

CITY Fire Insurance Company,

No. 61 Wall street.

This Company, with a Cash Capital of $210,000, with a surplus of over $100,000, insures against loss or damage by fire, on favorable terms.

DIRECTORS:

George S. Fox,	Richard F. Carman,
Josiah Macy,	Henry H. Barrow,
William H. Valle,	Hull Clark,
Joseph W. Corlies,	William C. White,
John D. Wright,	John J. Walker,
Peter S. Titus,	Charles H. Marshall,
Thomas C. Chardavoyne,	Thomas W. Pearsall,
Ralph Mead,	William H. Macy,
Richard Field,	Leonardo S. Suarez,
Irad Hawley,	John Penfold,

Samuel Raynor.

GEORGE S. FOX, *President.*

SAMUEL TOWNSEND, *Secretary.*

LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY. NEW ENGLAND LIFE INSURANCE CO.,

OF BOSTON,

Have just declared a DIVIDEND ON PREMIUMS paid and earned the last five years, payable in cash to all the policy holders, as follows:—

35 per cent. to all members since		1853.
30 " " " "		1848.
30½ " " " "		1843.

The Dividend is declared on the following basis:

Accumulated fund, Dec. 1, 1858,	$1,395,622 21
Reservation for reinsurance at the tabular rate,	$880,262 21
Estimated deterioration of lives otherwise than by difference of age,	88,000 00
Estimate of losses not heard from,	20,000 00
Contingencies of investments, 3 per cent. on the amount of property of the Company,	69,781 00
Reserve for small bills not presented, and charges accruing at agencies on business not yet matured,	1,816 00
Amount of surplus for distribution,	335,763 00—$1,395,622 12

☞ This is the oldest American Mutual Life Insurance Company, and one of the most successful, and is purely Mutual, dividing all the surplus profits in cash, among all the Insured.

Insurance may be effected for the benefit of married women, beyond the reach of their husbands' creditors. Creditors may insure the lives of debtors.

Last report and other publications and information respecting the advantages of life insurance, furnished gratis at the Branch Office, Metropolitan Bank Building, No. 110 Broadway, New York city.

JOHN HOPPER,
Agent and Attorney for the Company.

JULY, 1859.

The Insured Participate in the Profits,

WITHOUT INCURRING ANY LIABILITY WHATEVER.

Continental Insurance Co.,

CITY OF NEW YORK.

OFFICE NO. 18 WALL STREET.

CASH CAPITAL, - - $500,000

THE attention of the community is respectfully called to the following features, in connection with this Company:

FIRST:—By insuring in this Company, the advantages of a Mutual Insurance Company are obtained, with the additional advantage afforded in the security given by an ample and reliable Cash Capital—a feature not presented by ordinary Mutual Fire Insurance Companies. The dividends to customers, already declared, are as follows:

First Annual Division to Policy Holders, declared July 9, 57,		25%
Second " " " " "	July 8, 58,	50
Third " " " " "	July 14, '59,	50

SECOND:—The security given, which is already large, will constantly increase with each year of successful operation. This is exhibited clearly in the following Statement, showing the position of the Company in each year since the new system was adopted:

July, 1856, Net Assets possessed by the Co.,		$570,363 43
" 1857, " " " "		649,719 54
" 1858, " " " "		751,968 52
" 1859, Gross Assets, " "		905,881 84
" Liabilities,		16,514 37

THIRD:—The insured incur no liability whatever, while obtaining these advantages of superior security and cheapness.

FOURTH:—This Company has reserved the right to issue Policies which do not participate in the profits, and such policies will be issued to those who prefer it, at prices as LOW as any COMPANY can insure, and, at the same time, present PERMANENT SECURITY to their customers.

GEORGE T. HOPE, President.

H. H. LAMPORT, Secretary. CYRUS PECK, Ass't Secretary.

INSURANCE.

THE **Metropolitan Fire Insurance Co.,**

108 BROADWAY,

CORNER PINE STREET.

CASH CAPITAL - - - - $300,000

This Company, having a Cash Capital exceeded by those of only four other Companies, continues to insure all kinds of Personal Property, Buildings, Ships in port and their cargoes, on terms as low as are consistent with the security of the insurers and the insured.

DIRECTORS:

JAMES LORIMER GRAHAM, President.

Joseph B. Varnum,	Pascal W. Turney,
Leonard Appleby,	Franklin H. Delano,
Fred. H. Wolcott,	Henry V. Butler,
William K. Strong,	Jos. B. Varnum, Jr.,
Moses Taylor,	Sam'l. D. Bradford, Jr.,
James O. Sheldon,	Bowes R. McIlvaine,
Daniel Pawde,	Gilbert L. Beekman,
J. Lorimer Graham, Jr.,	John C. Henderson,
Gustavus A. Conover,	Lorrain Freeman,
Martin Bates, Jr.,	Edward Macomber,
Dudley B. Fuller,	Watson K. Cash,
	Charles E. Appleby.

EDWARD A. STANSBURY, Secretary.

ROBERT C. RATHBONE, Ass't Secretary.

The Resolute Fire Insurance Co.,

No. 3 Nassau street, N. Y.

CASH CAPITAL.....$200,000

WITH A LARGE SURPLUS.

First Dividend to the Assured, JULY 1st, 1860.

This Company, at the solicitation of its numerous Patrons, and in accordance with the vote of its Directors, and with the assent of its Stockholders, will hereafter

Divide three-quarters of the net Profits to the Assured.

Those doing business with this Company will receive, annually, a large return of their Premiums.

Parties preferring a cash deduction from the Premium at the time of issuing the Policy, are entitled to that privilege.

N. B.—Inland Navigation and Transportation Risks taken at favorable rates.

C. F. UHLHORN, President.

WILLIAM M. RANDELL, Secretary.

D. D. LORD & H. DAY, Counsellors. HIRAM FUNK, Surveyor.

New York, July 1st, 1850.

COMMONWEALTH Fire Insurance Company,

Office, No. 6 Wall Street, New York,

HAS A

CASH CAPITAL OF $250,000,

WITH A SURPLUS SAFELY INVESTED IN BOND AND MORTGAGE

DIRECTORS

JOSEPH HOXIE, *President.*

Hugh Maxwell,	Sam'l. L. Mitchell,	William J. Butler,
John J. Crane,	Dudley B. Fuller,	A. C. Kingsland,
Richard Irvin,	Wm. James Todd,	R. Burkhalter,
George Bulkley,	George T. Cobb,	Wm. R. Kirkland,
Joseph Stuart,	Robert T. Haws,	Chas. Chamberlain,
Henry Stokes,	F. C. Havemeyer,	Robert T. Wilde,
Silas Davis,	William E. Dodge,	Rudolph Staudinger,
B. F. Wardwell,	J. P. Robinson,	Wm. B. Nichols,
Henry Camerden, Jr.,	Moses Taylor,	Oscar Varet.
Francis Skiddy,	Charles H. Marshall.	

GEORGE T. HAWS, *Secretary.*

A. H. DOUGHTY, *Surveyor.*

N. B. HOXIE, *Attorney and Counsellor.*

THE BROOKLYN Fire Insurance Company.

CHARTERED 1824.

OFFICE	OFFICE
16 Merchants Exchange, NEW YORK.	11 COURT, Cor. of Remsen street, BROOKLYN.

CASH CAPITAL,	$153,000 00
SURPLUS,	107,641 73
ASSETS,	$260,641 73

Dividends---JANUARY